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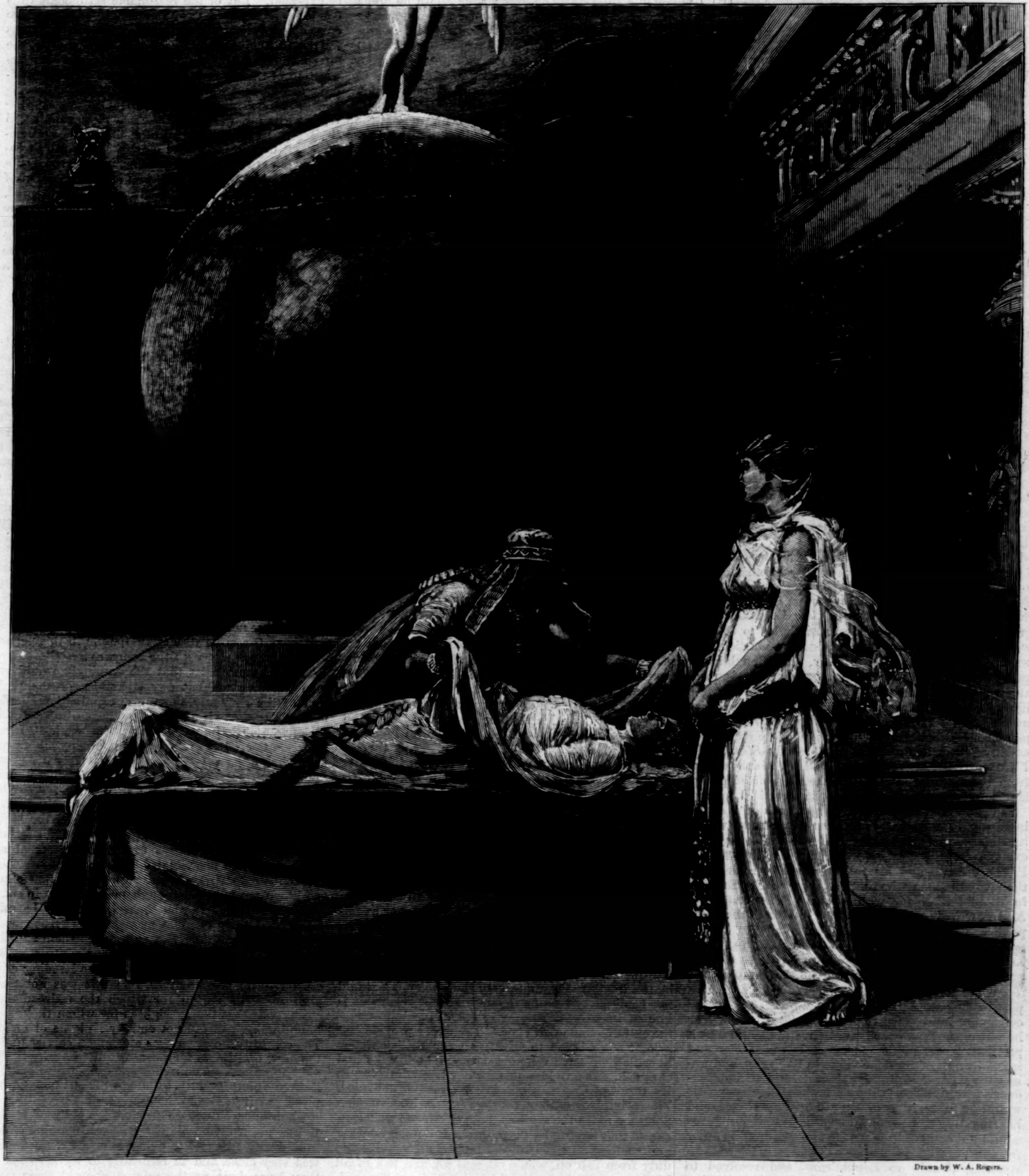


Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

SUGGESTED PROLOGUE TO A DRAMATIZED VERSION OF "SHE."

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

SCENE.—*The Ruined Temple of Truth. Moonlight. Statue of Truth looming up in background.*

Enter Ayesha, *veiled;* Amenartas (*dark and handsome Egyptian woman*); *Amahagger savages bearing a covered corpse on rude stretcher.*

Ayesha (*in tones of command*). Set down, set down. Enough have we journeyed, and heavy is the burden—ay, heavy!

[*The bearers set down the litter, and withdraw.* Ayesha *draws near and stands at head of corpse,* Amenartas *at its feet.* Amenartas *gazes at corpse and sobs, then, with a fierce look at* Ayesha, *steps forward and draws the shroud, revealing* Kallikrates *dead, and speaks.*

Amenartas. Witch, look on him thou slewest.

Ayesha. What need to look, Egyptian? what need to look? Is not that every feature so graved upon my heart that no time can smooth away its fixed awfulness? Oh!

(*Continued on page 154.*)

"The weekly issue of Harper's Young People is one of the most delightful of guests of old and young."—*The Christian Advocate, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for February 28th is an unusually attractive one.

Mr. Charles Henry Webb *writes in a vein of kindly humor about*

MR. CROWLEY, THE CENTRAL PARK CHIMPANZEE,

and Mr. Durkin *gives an illustration of that popular animal during its recent illness.*

Mr. Brander Matthews *has a second article on Robert-Houdin, recounting some of that wonderful magician's performances in Algeria.*

In his series of short papers on microscopy Dr. Stokes *reveals some more of the wonderful forms of animal life to be found in a drop of water. An old Westminster boy tells of the ancient and curious custom of "Tossing the Pancake at Westminster School."*

The principal illustration is entitled

"STUCK!"

From the Painting by J. G. Brown, N.A.

W. A. Rogers *has a spirited front-page illustration to a story called "Touch and Go," by* J. Macdonald Oxley.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, March 3, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

PLAIN-SPEAKING.

If Mr. Blaine should not be nominated by the Republican Convention, the nomination must fall upon one of several distinguished gentlemen who, with all their excellent qualities, command no large or enthusiastic personal following. The result would be that, after votes distributed among a dozen favorite sons, bargaining of every kind would begin, and a nomination would be at last reached. The success of such a nomination at the polls would depend, not upon personal enthusiasm, but mainly upon popular confidence in the Republican party. This fact opens the question whether the course of the party since its defeat has probably tended to regain the confidence which it lost by the nomination of Mr. Blaine. This is a question upon which the views of Republicans themselves are interesting and instructive. We quoted last week some remarks of ex-Postmaster-General James and other Republicans, showing dissatisfaction and apprehension of the party tendencies. The Providence *Journal*, one of the most influential of the chief Republican organs in New England, congratulating the party upon what it holds to be the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine, concludes an article of warning by saying, apprehensively, "The Republican party must reject not only Blaine, but Blaineism in all its phases." In the Northwest the tone of Republican journals in favor of a revision of the tariff is unmistakable. But one of the most significant expressions of Republican opinion is the late speech of ex-Mayor Low in Brooklyn, of which the *Standard-Union* says, "The tendency of Mr. Low to drift away from the cardinal purposes of the Republican party is so unmistakable that it cannot be disguised."

Is it, however, Mr. Low or the party which is drifting away? Is the party on the way to triumph when its course leads the editors of Republican organs to exclude from its ranks men like Mr. Low? Do Patrick Ford and his followers really replace in the party the men who refused to support Mr. Blaine in '84 and those for whom Mr. Low speaks now? And how long can the steady extrusion of such Republicans continue and the party claim to be the party of Lincoln and Sumner and Seward? Mr. Low, elected Mayor of Brooklyn by citizens of both parties, very properly declined in the campaign of '84, while he still held the office, to take an active part in the campaign. But he maintained his party connection, and voted for its candidates. Last year he was chairman of the State Convention, and took a prominent part in the canvass. His character and influence are of peculiar value to the party, and unless the party despotism is absolute, and all independence within the party lines is prohibited, his counsels would be regarded as of the utmost importance, and his friendly criticism of a Republican to Republicans would not be held to prove that he was drifting away from the party connection. It is as a Republican speaking plainly to Republicans, and resolved to maintain his self-respect, whatever may happen, that Mr. Low is just now a significant figure.

His Brooklyn speech upon Lincoln's birthday begins aptly by recalling Lincoln's speech at Springfield, in which, against the advice of his friends, he spoke what he believed to be the truth, and was defeated for the Senate, but retained his self-respect. Mr. Low considers the party in its threefold aspect as a local, a State, and a national party. In the first two relations he thinks that the Republican party appeals most strongly to the support of the new voters—for whom he was asked to speak—but in its national aspect he thinks that it is allowing its past to become its stumbling-block. He illustrates this by its attitude upon the Lamar nomination as contrasted with its position when Republican administrations appointed ex-Confederates to office. Mr. Low believes that the party must openly and patriotically recognize the equal citizenship of the late Confederates, and that its present position is reactionary. Again, he holds that there can be no greater danger than the systematic withholding of the right of suffrage from large numbers of voters. But the national government has exhausted its power to correct this wrong, and the remedy seems to him to lie in time and education, not in legislation, as the Republican party itself has shown. But its present policy of a solid North against a solid South he holds to be mistaken and useless, and once more peculiarly reactionary. As for the tariff, Mr. Low favors protection, but as the Republican Presidents Garfield and Arthur favored it. He stands where Garfield stood in 1870: "I am for a protection which leads to ultimate free-trade; I am for that free-trade which can only be achieved through a reasonable protection." Mr. Low says: "The Republican party at the moment appears determined to hold on to all the protection it can retain, while I would like to see it part with all the protection that can be spared." The question, he says, which now agitates the minds of multitudes of loyal Republicans is whether the party will deal with the questions of to-day in the light of to-day and not of yesterday. There has been no such impressive and suggestive word spoken by a Republican to Republicans for many a day. If merely to say such things is to separate one's self from the party, it is because the party is wholly reactionary. But however this may be, there is no doubt that a wide and deep and growing feeling among Republicans which has been expressed by no leader has found at last a voice, strong, clear, and calm, and the response or want of response will be well worth noting.

THE FISHERIES TREATY.

It was evident from the time that the Fisheries Conference met that if an agreement should be reached and a treaty signed, there would be a bitter opposition in the Senate, not so much upon the merits of the treaty as for partisan reasons. It is a Presidential year. The Administration is Democratic, and a satisfactory adjustment of the Canadian trouble would be a trump in the Democratic hand. It was quite certain, therefore, that the treaty would be denounced as a surrender of American rights and interests by a British-ridden Administration. The denunciation promptly followed the publication of the treaty. That the treaty, like all conventions designed to settle international differences, involves concessions upon both sides, and does not satisfy the full claims of either side, is a matter of course. It is not, therefore, surprising that neither the complete demands of our fishermen nor the extreme views of Canada are satisfied by the treaty. But it seems to be an equitable arrangement of which the fairness is attested by the dissatisfaction of those on both sides who hoped to gain everything by the convention. The trouble with Canada has arisen from various causes, including a vague interpretation of the three-mile limit, but especially from differing views of the rights of our fishermen under the treaty of 1818, and the usual understanding of commercial reciprocity. What was needed, therefore, was first a delimitation or determination of boundaries that could not be mistaken, and which would include a settlement of the question of the headlands—the question, that is, whether the line of the coast should be reckoned as drawn across the mouth of bays from headland to headland, or as following the shore. The second requirement was an equally definite and unmistakable agreement upon the subject of commercial intercourse.

Now these two cardinal objects have been attained by the treaty. Presumptively the agreement would not be disadvantageous to our interests, because it is known that Great Britain is not disposed to adopt the extreme Canadian view. The treaty provides for a joint commission to specify all the British waters in which we have renounced the right to take and cure fish. It provides also for our free admission to the Strait of Canso, which has been hitherto denied. The privileges of our fishing vessels in Canadian ports are made the same as those of our other vessels, except that buying bait is prohibited. But whenever and so long as the United States shall remove the duty from fish oil, whale oil, seal oil, and fish of all kinds, except fish preserved in oil, which are the product of Canadian fisheries, together with the duty on ordinary coverings and packages, then American fishermen shall be free to buy in Canadian ports bait, ice, seines, lines, and all other supplies and outfits, to transship their catch, and to ship crews. It is further stipulated that pending the ratification of the treaty, and in view of the immediate opening of the fishery season, the privilege of entering Canadian bays and harbors shall be granted for two years to our fishers upon payment of a license fee of one dollar and a half per ton. This is apparently too high, but it is not a part of the treaty; it is a temporary arrangement pending the question of ratification.

This is the proposed adjustment of a confused and annoying and long-continued dispute between the two great continental neighbors. It interprets existing agreements, and while it does not, as Canadians seem to think, surrender everything that they have claimed, it is certainly as equitable and liberal an arrangement as can be fairly expected from common consent. The treaty, indeed, provides no indemnity, no damages for wrongs which we have alleged. But they were due to the very difference of the view of rights which the treaty temperately and fairly adjusts. We repeat that everything which might be wished is not obtained, nor could that have been fairly expected. But of the reasonable settlement thus reached, and reached upon our side by men who are quite as resolute in maintaining the national honor as the most truculent tail-twister of the British lion, the alternatives are the endless continuation and exasperation of the quarrel, retaliation, which is preliminary to war, and war. Between the fair and honorable settlement offered by the bill and these alternatives, we do not believe that the American people will hesitate. In the settlement of such differences complete satisfaction is secured by one side, not by treaties, which are mutual concessions, but by armed subjugation. But when so excellent an arrangement of an annoying and irritating difference is presented, those who oppose and embarrass its adoption assume a very serious responsibility. If the rejection of the treaty should be secured merely by party hostility, or by anything but a plain demonstration of its failure to secure a reasonable understanding, it would be a very damaging blow to the defeating party.

THE READING STRIKE.

President Corbin, of the Reading road, has treated the great strike of the railroad employés and the miners with an intelligence, decision, courage, and temper which merit frank acknowledgment. His letter was a clear and temperate statement of the situation, which was not seriously denied, and which commanded general sympathy and support. He questioned neither the right nor the advantage of labor unions, but he asserted distinctly that such right did not extend to the management of the business of the company, nor to interference with the unquestionable right of every man to dispose of his own labor as he thinks fit. The difference between the company and the employés did not involve the right to strike for higher wages, nor the general conduct of their business by this or other coal companies and railroads, but the honorable observance of voluntary agreements. There is no doubt that, without opening the question whether railroad employés and miners may not have grievances which ought to be redressed, the sympathy of the public in this particular difference was with the company.

The announcement that the employés would return to work without any surrender of the position of the company, that no discrimination should be made against strikers, except those who had used violence, and that questions of wages would be hereafter considered frankly by the company whenever they should be proposed, was received with great satisfaction. It was a simple and honorable understanding. The strikers were wrong, so far as the company was concerned, and it was manly practically to acknowledge it. Nobody denies the right of miners to refuse to work, for any reason satisfactory to themselves, unless under an agreement already made, and not violated by the company. They may choose to strike because they think that other workmen are not paid enough, or have been in some way maltreated. In this, indeed, they may be mistaken, and their conduct may produce great suffering in their families. But as between them and the companies they are, except for such a contract as we mention, entirely in their right. The Reading miners ought to see, however, that this was not their position. The reason for which the railroad men struck was that the consignees for whom they were handling freight did not employ Knights of Labor. The company, however, was a common carrier under the law, and liable for failure in discharging its legal obligations. The strike was designed to prevent it from doing its duty, although the strikers did not plead any injustice to themselves.

The miners struck to support the railroad strike. It was not a creditable performance, nor one which in any way appealed to public sympathy. The case was very clear, and in returning to work, so far as they have done so, the miners showed their good sense. It would be a great error, however, for them, or for any honest and intelligent man, to suppose that public sympathy, or the press as its voice, always takes the part of the company against the employé. This is not true. There is, indeed, no subject which more commands the most earnest public attention than the question of monopolies, and corporate power, and trusts. They are regarded with disfavor by the great mass of the public, and there was never a time in which there was so general an interest in the condition of those who live by wages, and so intelligent an inquiry into possible methods of improving that condition. It is, however, the misfortune of labor unions upon a large scale that their organization is practically despotic, and that it enables a few leaders arbitrarily to control great bodies of men. Under such circumstances it will often happen that well-meaning and honest employés find themselves in a position which is plainly wrong, and which does not command and ought not to command public sympathy. More independence upon their part would prevent this result, and it is all the more necessary because the leaders of combinations of labor are no more free from human infirmity, or less likely to be selfish and tyrannical, than the leaders of combinations of capital.

A GOOD CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The amendment to the Constitution providing for the extension of the term of the present Congress to April 30, 1889, and making that hereafter the day of the President's inauguration, passed the Senate, but failed in the House. The failure is not to be regretted, because it did not effect the object for which a change of the present provision is most desirable. That object is to bring the assembly of a new Congress nearer to the election. The Senate amendment would not have done this, while it would have interposed six months between the election of the President and the inauguration. There is no valid reason for such delay. In a recently published conversation of Mr. Lincoln's after his election he gave a good reason for the long interval that then existed between the Presidential election and the inauguration—that it gave time, if the election was disputed, for party passion to cool, and for methods of settlement to be adopted. The sagacity of this view was proved in the election of 1876. But the necessity of such a long lapse of time, which is in itself undesirable, was obviated by the passage of the law arranging definitely the electoral count, and if, under the changed circumstances, any change should be made, it should shorten the interval. A signal improvement of the present situation is proposed by the amendment now pending in the House, which substitutes December 31st for March 4th as the beginning and termination of the official term of members of the House of Representatives. This measure belongs to the same useful and necessary legislation as the law passed within a year or two to regulate the count of the electoral vote so as to avoid the most serious peril to the government, and the law to determine the succession of the Presidency in case of inability of the incumbent from any cause. The situation which the amendment seeks to remedy is familiar. The House of Representatives, which is now chosen in November, does not begin its duties until thirteen months afterward. It is elected to represent public sentiment, and that it may be sure to represent it freshly and immediately its term is limited to two years. *But it is more than one year before it begins to represent it, although its salary begins nine months before its work.*

The argument for this change is well summarized as follows:

> "For nine months there is no Speaker of the House; before its members have served their full term their successors are chosen; the certain determination of the second session at 12, meridian, on the 4th of March, often prevents the passage of important measures, either from lack of time, as in the case of the Deficiency Bill at the second session of the Forty-ninth Congress, or because the President has not had an opportunity to examine them, as happened with the River and Harbor Bill at the close of the same session. The efficiency of Representatives during the short session is sometimes impaired because they have failed of re-election. Representatives are chosen upon issues which may have been settled when they come to the capital to enter actively upon the performance of their duties; the people in many instances are not represented by the man whom they have chosen to represent them, but defeated candidates hold over; and the month of December in the first session is practically wasted by the House on account of the holiday adjournments. Should the proposed amendment be adopted, the members of the House elected in November would have about sixty days in which to receive their certificates of election, to prepare for contests, to arrange their private affairs in contemplation of a protracted absence from home, and to reach the capital. There would be no holiday adjournment; the House would only be about eight days without a Speaker, instead of nine months, as under the present system; the theory of the founders of the Constitution that the Representatives should come 'fresh from the people' would be carried out, and they would be engaged in the settlement of the issues upon which they were chosen within sixty days after their election. The House chosen at the Presidential election would assist in the counting of the Presidential vote, and elect the President in case the election should devolve upon the House; there would be two long sessions, without any fixed time for adjournment except such as might be agreed upon by both Houses, and there would consequently be no failure of important bills for want of time. There would be no election between the sessions, and therefore each member would be as efficient during the second session as he was during the first. Representatives would not be placed in the dilemma of choosing between a temporary abandonment of their post of duty and the alternative of defeat at home; and they would have an opportunity between the sessions to visit their constituents, and to discuss pending measures to them. The first session would not be a game of chess between the two parties, with the fall elections as the wager, and there would be no necessity for extra sessions."

There can be no good argument against an amendment designed to correct one of the most absurd and annoying anomalies in our system, which defeats one of the main objects sought by the establishment of a popular Legislature—the prompt effectiveness of the popular will. Inauguration at a pleasant season of the year would be very agreeable for those who might wish to see the pageant, and it is undoubtedly true that the second session of Congress, which ends with an administration on the 4th of March, for lack of time and other reasons, is too short for a proper transaction of business. But if the House of Representatives is still to be elected in the first days of November, it ought to enter upon its duties by the 1st of January. The country would thus escape the moral paralysis of a House which may have been emphatically discredited by the election.

THE MILTON WINDOW.

The John Milton memorial window which Mr. G. W. Childs has presented to St. Margaret's, in London, is another of the happy and graceful tributes which Mr. Childs has paid to our common pride and interest in great English names. The particular church was especially well chosen for such a memorial, for Milton's marriage is recorded in its parish register, and his "late espoused saint" with her infant lies buried there. Archdeacon Farrar pointed out in his discourse the peculiar fitness of such a gift from America, since America has realized so much of the poet's political and ecclesiastical hope and aim.

The same view is expressed by a recent correspondent of the Boston *Post*, who proposes a statue of Milton at Harvard University. "The commonwealth failed in Old England; it did not fail in New England. Puritanism failed there; it succeeded here." Indeed, nowhere could a statue of Milton stand more fitly than in New England, which has been the moulding force of that "noble and puissant nation" which he hoped old England might be. Archdeacon Farrar mentions two of Milton's friends, Sir Henry Vane and Roger Williams—names very precious in American history—and he stated the pleasant fact that the officers of the church had set apart a pew for American visitors who might wish to worship in the church.

It is a beautiful and patriotic service which Mr. Childs renders in his Shakespeare and Milton memorials. They are symbols of sentiment, but it is by sentiment that nations are most closely allied, and whatever reminds America and England of their essential kinship tends to promote human progress and the peace of the world. This is the great truth which Whittier recognizes and expresses in his simple and lofty lines written for the memorial window:

> "The New World honors him whose lofty plea
> For England's freedom made her own more sure,
> Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
> Their common freehold while both worlds endure."

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

The March number of Harper's Monthly contains the first paper of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner upon the Great West, and a more characteristic and amazing American story was never more delightfully told. As an illustration of the growth and development which have made the Northwest a miracle of progress and prosperity it is unparalleled, and it reminds the reader that the unprecedentedly rapid advance of this country is not an old story of past achievement, but is more surprising than ever. Mr. Warner has the happy gift of noting the most interesting and significant facts, and of compelling statistics to illuminate instead of confusing his narrative. An admirable map of the region treated by him illustrates the article. The series will be continued in the April number, and it will evidently prove to be one of the most notable and valuable of contributions to magazine literature and to popular knowledge of the granary of America and of the world. The charm of Mr. Warner as a travelling companion has been often proved, but in these fresh fields and pastures new it is as fresh and captivating as the noble region itself.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The sermon of Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyck upon the national sin of literary piracy is a forcible and eloquent appeal to the conscience and common-sense of the country. It is the moral condition and standard of a country, he says, which is the test of its real prosperity and civilization. It is not material invention, the conquest of time and space, the increase of comfort and convenience, so much as the establishment of international law, the reform of the penal codes, the abolition of slavery, which mark the highest human progress. It is to this department that international copyright belongs.

The materials of literature, ideas and facts, are common property to which no man can prefer a claim. But ideas moulded into a poem or a philosophy, facts marshalled in a history, by the industry and skill of a man, are his own, like the statue of the artist, or the wheat of the farmer. Now the only way in which the author can be rewarded is by securing to him, under wise conditions, the right to copy or publish his work, in other words, by copyright. If this is true of the American author in America, it is true of all authors publishing in America, and to deny it to the foreign author is to confiscate what we acknowledge to be property, and to violate what we concede to be a right.

The effect of this conduct is to compel the American author to produce in competition with practically stolen production. The result, of course, is an immense and unjust burdening of American literature. No influence in forming national character is more powerful than a national literature, but the tendency of this course is to displace an American literature by some other. The man on the frontier, it is said, and the poor boy on the farm, must have cheap books. It is certainly most desirable, but it is infinitely more desirable that the American people should supply them with books honestly come by, and not "conveyed" from the other poor boys who wrote them. This is the general argument of this timely and admirable discourse, which is truly a word in season.

SHORT, SHARP, AND DECISIVE.

After Mr. Blaine's letter had been published for a week its real significance was still a subject of speculation. His chief organ was insisting by correspondence and by citations from the press that he ought to be nominated, and that no other candidate was so available. Meanwhile the name of General Sheridan had been warmly urged as a candidate. But the General disposed of the suggestion in the shortest and most conclusive manner by saying precisely what Mr. Blaine has not said—that if he should be nominated, he would not accept the nomination.

That leaves no doubt of General Sheridan's position, and at once ends all attempts to secure his nomination. It was the act of a simple, direct, upright man, and the impression which it made upon the public mind proves the hearty admiration of the country for straightforward and manly dealing. General Sherman had already said the same thing, and probably there will be no effort to impress either of the great surviving generals of the war into service as a candidate for the Presidency. The country is not in a mood for a "hurra" campaign. Personal enthusiasm for a great political leader is unquestionably a great advantage, but the enthusiasm for military service would be now unavailing.

The election this year will be decided by voters to whom the war is a tradition, and who look with wonder upon politicians who excite themselves with recollections which those voters do not share. After his campaign in the French war upon the Virginia frontier Washington was thanked by the House of Burgesses, and as he stammered in his reply, the Speaker said: "Sit down, Mr. Washington. Your modesty is equal to your valor, and that is beyond the power of words to describe." It is with something of the same feeling that General Sheridan's prompt and decisive statement was read. His manly good sense was felt to be equal to his heroism and patriotic devotion.

PERSONAL.

Princeton alumni are trying to induce ex-President McCosh to write a volume of personal memoirs.

—Beautiful is reciprocation. Canada has welcomed our embezzlers to a refuge, and now we are providing a haven for one of her "prominent citizens" who has gone wrong—Gideon Bordeau, Queen's Printer for Manitoba, a politician of much local consequence, having had to flee from home for a default in his accounts. There may be some chance for national pride, however, in the reflection that we do even such things on a far grander scale than Canada does—Bordeau being "short" only $5000.

—Mrs. Cleveland, earnest in all good work, has identified herself with "the Ramabi Circle," whose purpose is to offer educational opportunities to young women in India.

—Literature secured Walter Besant by but a hair's-breadth. He was educated for the Church, and dashed the ardent hopes of his family by bolting on the very eve of his ordination.

—Here's a pat illustration of the way that Southern real estate has been appreciating lately. General J. T. Wilder, one of the bravest of Union soldiers, one who has made his home in the South ever since the war ended, invested $20,000 in Knoxville building lots a year ago, and now he sells out at a profit of over $10,000.

—An American missionary writes from central China: "With regard to the Emperor's wedding, no mortal man knows anything about it beforehand, that is, those outside the court. Our only information comes from a court circular which is issued afterward. The great mass of people know and care nothing about the sovereign."

—The assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Henry C. Norman, who is making a tour around the globe, says that the chief surprise of his visit to Canada was the prevalence of the sentiment in favor of commercial union with the United States. The abstract question of commercial union between the United States and Canada, according to this writer, is "*intimately interwoven with* the personality of its foremost advocate, Erastus Wiman, and this personality is interesting enough to call for a special description. Mr. Wiman combines the solid basis of the English and Canadian character with the immense energy and breadth of view of the typical American. He does what most people would consider a day's work before breakfast, and his name meets you everywhere —in the newspapers, in the pages of reviews, and on the platform as a capital speaker—and always as an enthusiastic and almost resistless advocate of his pet idea. He must be the very man for whom the phrase was originally coined, that 'when he pulls, something has to give.' This time it is very likely to be two nations."

—General Roger A. Pryor has accomplished something novel. The newspapers reported him the other day as pitching severely into the Stock-Exchange during one of his lawsuit speeches. Thereupon the general did not assume the accustomed air of misquoted innocence and charge all the offending to the reporters; but instead he calmly wrote a little note of apology to the president of the Stock-Exchange, saying, naïvely, "In the ardor of debate one is apt to use language beyond his real sentiments."

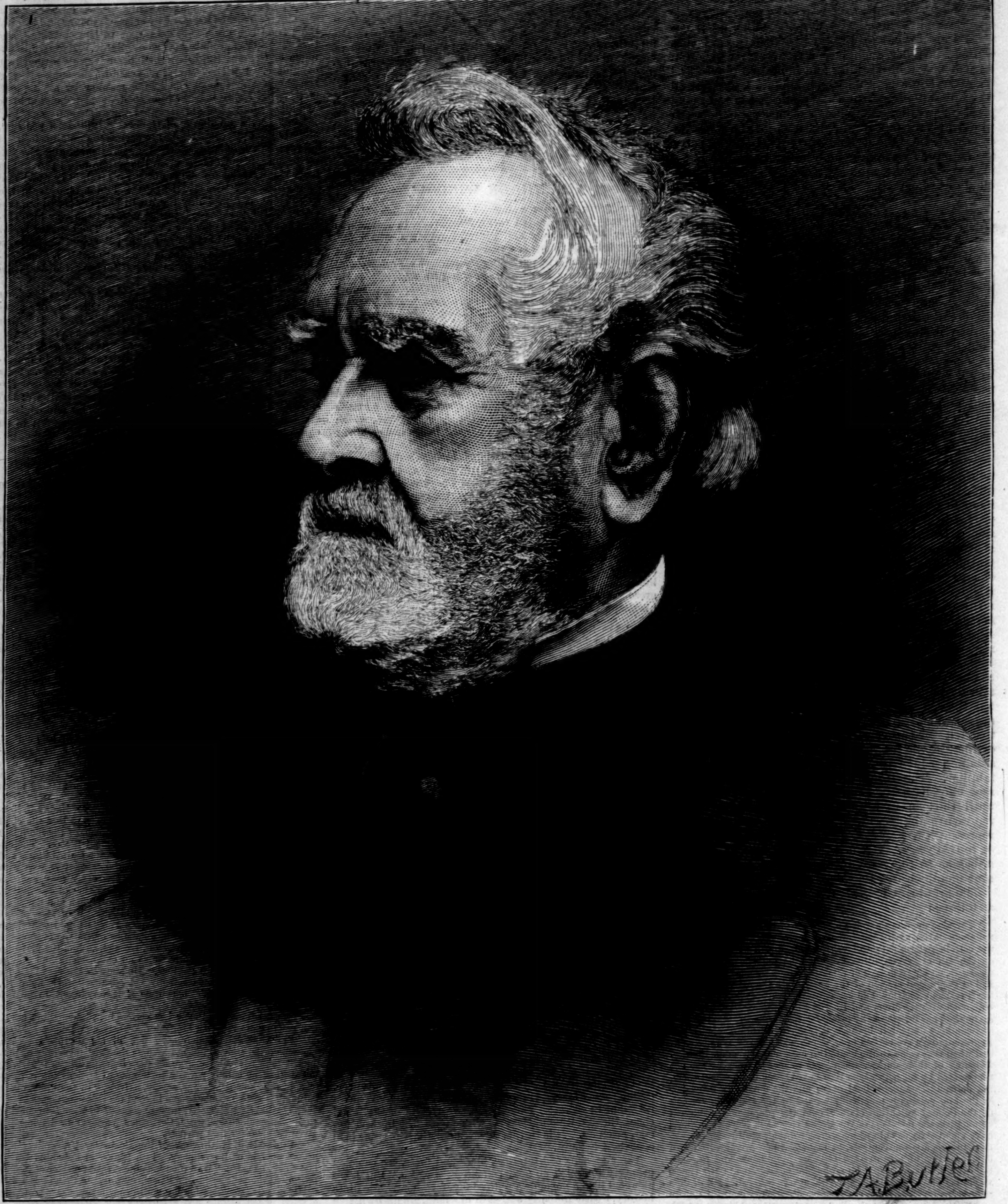
—Vanderbilt University, in Tennessee, is to have its school of engineering much enlarged, Cornelius Vanderbilt having just given $20,000 for that purpose.

—Professor J. H. Gilmore, of the Rochester University, is an ardent apostle of Hawthorne. In a lecture at Columbia College last week, he said: "Hawthorne is the greatest master of English prose that the century has produced. More than that, he is a wonderful creative genius, wielding with consummate grace and vigor a wand which neither Scott, Dickens, nor Thackeray could so much as lift."

—Dr. Arthur Debaussett, of Pittsburgh, is spending $150,000 on an "air-ship" 650 feet long, cone-shaped, and 140 feet in diameter, weighing 130 tons. Darius Green and his flying-machine are hailed as mere myths in the latitude of Pittsburgh.

—Secretary Whitney has two sons old enough to be away at boarding-school. One of them wrote home the other day: "We have a debating society, and one of our favorite subjects is, 'The United States Navy, and how might it be improved.'"

—Professor C. S. Sargent, of Harvard University, has so far recovered his health that he has been able to give personal attention to the publication of *Garden and Forest*, the new weekly journal which he is to conduct. The first number, which has just appeared, justifies the promise of the prospectus in the character of its contents. The illustrations are of a high order. Among the contributors are writers of such rank as Francis Parkman, Professors Packard, Goodale, and Beale, Mr. Sereno Watson, Max Suchtlin, and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Each number will contain a botanical illustration of some American plant which has never before been figured. The leading article of the first number is a touching tribute to the late Professor Asa Gray, who was one of the original promoters of the enterprise, and whose name headed the list of contributors in the announcement of the paper.



THE LATE W. W. CORCORAN, BANKER AND PHILANTHROPIST.—From a Photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington.

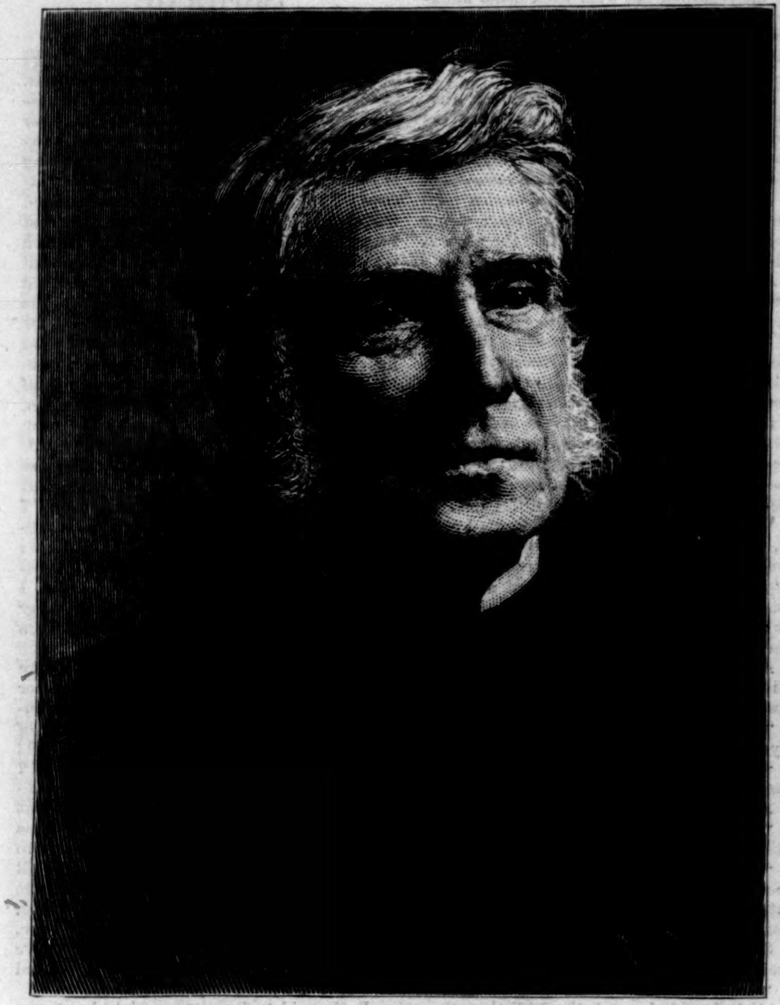
WILLIAM WILSON CORCORAN.

William Wilson Corcoran, the veteran philanthropist and art patron, passed away at his residence in Washington, February 24th, after an illness of several weeks. He was born in Georgetown, District of Columbia, December 27, 1798, and all his life was identified with Washington and its growth. His father, Thomas Corcoran, who was a native of County Limerick, Ireland, came to this country in 1783, and shortly after settled in Georgetown, where he became a public man, dying in 1830, honored and respected; his mother, Hannah Lemmon, was an American. Mr. Corcoran began school in 1803, and ended his studies in 1815, having received a fairly good education. That same year he went into the dry-goods business with his two elder brothers, and continued with them until 1817, when he was established in a separate store, under the firm name of W. W. Corcoran & Co. In 1823 the business failed, and they settled with their creditors for fifty cents on the dollar's indebtedness, receiving a full legal discharge; but in 1847 Mr. Corcoran paid up every cent in full, with interest, amounting in all to $46,000. After the failure with his brothers he went into the real estate business, overseeing for a time his father's concerns. Five years later he entered the employ of the old United States Bank and the Bank of Columbia, as collector and real estate director; here he remained eight years. In 1835 Mr. Corcoran was married to Miss Louise Amory Morris, daughter of Commodore Charles Morris. They had three children, only one of whom survived, a daughter, who became the wife of the Hon. George Eustis, Jun., of Louisiana. Mrs. Corcoran died in 1840, and Mrs. Eustis in 1867.

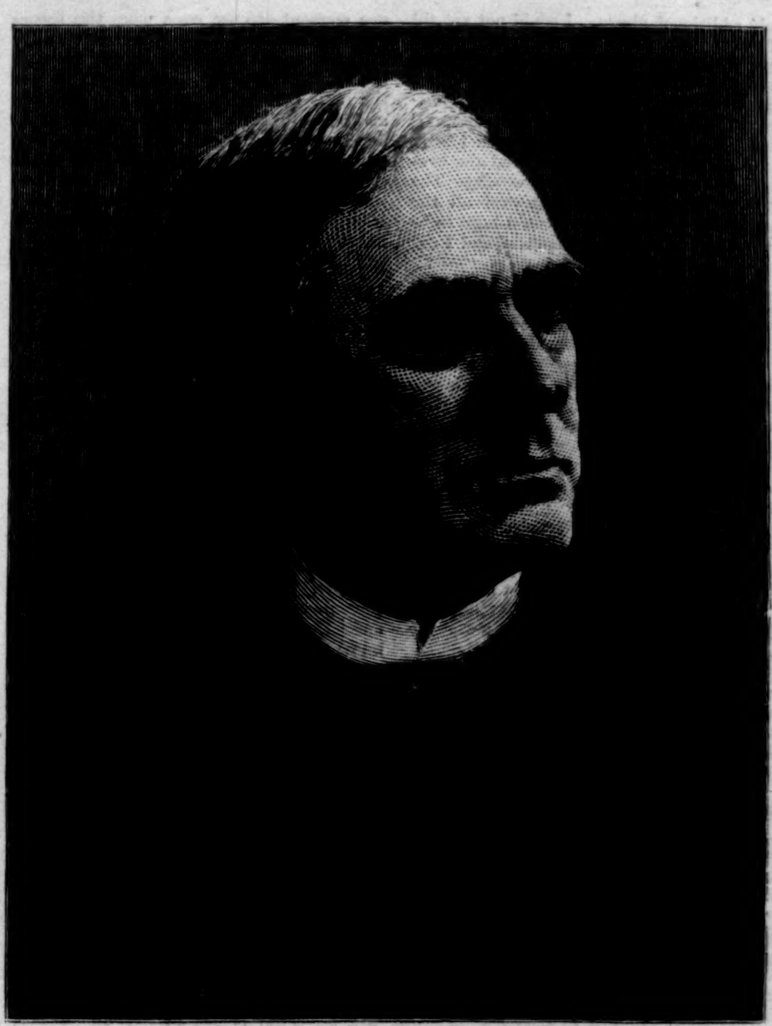
Mr. Corcoran became a banker and broker in 1837, and in 1840 entered into partnership with the late George W. Riggs, who retired in 1848 in favor of his brother, Elisha Riggs, Mr. Corcoran still remaining in the firm. During the Mexican war the firm were the brokers for the government, and by successful dealing placed an immense loan, which added to Mr. Corcoran's already large fortune. In 1854 Mr. Corcoran retired from the banking business, but continued to speculate in real estate and government securities, and by these operations still further increased his wealth. At the close of his active business life he began one of benevolence, and it is estimated that $5,000,000 have been given away by him.

The Corcoran Art Gallery is the most prominent of his public works. The building is a magnificent one, finished in 1869, and contains a superb collection of paintings and statuary; $60,000 per annum is settled upon it for its maintenance. A Home—founded in memory of his wife and daughter—for old ladies who have become reduced in circumstances, is another of his works. He also contributed largely to Columbia College, Washington; gave to the Baptists a site for a Ladies' Home; and recently built an Episcopal Church, to which denomination he belonged. His private charities were almost boundless, extending North and South.

In politics Mr. Corcoran was always a Democrat, and he saw every President of the United States with the exception of Washington.



THE LATE A. S. BARNES, PUBLISHER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.—[SEE PAGE 155]



THE LATE GEORGE HENRY CORLISS, MECHANICAL ENGINEER.—[SEE PAGE 155.]

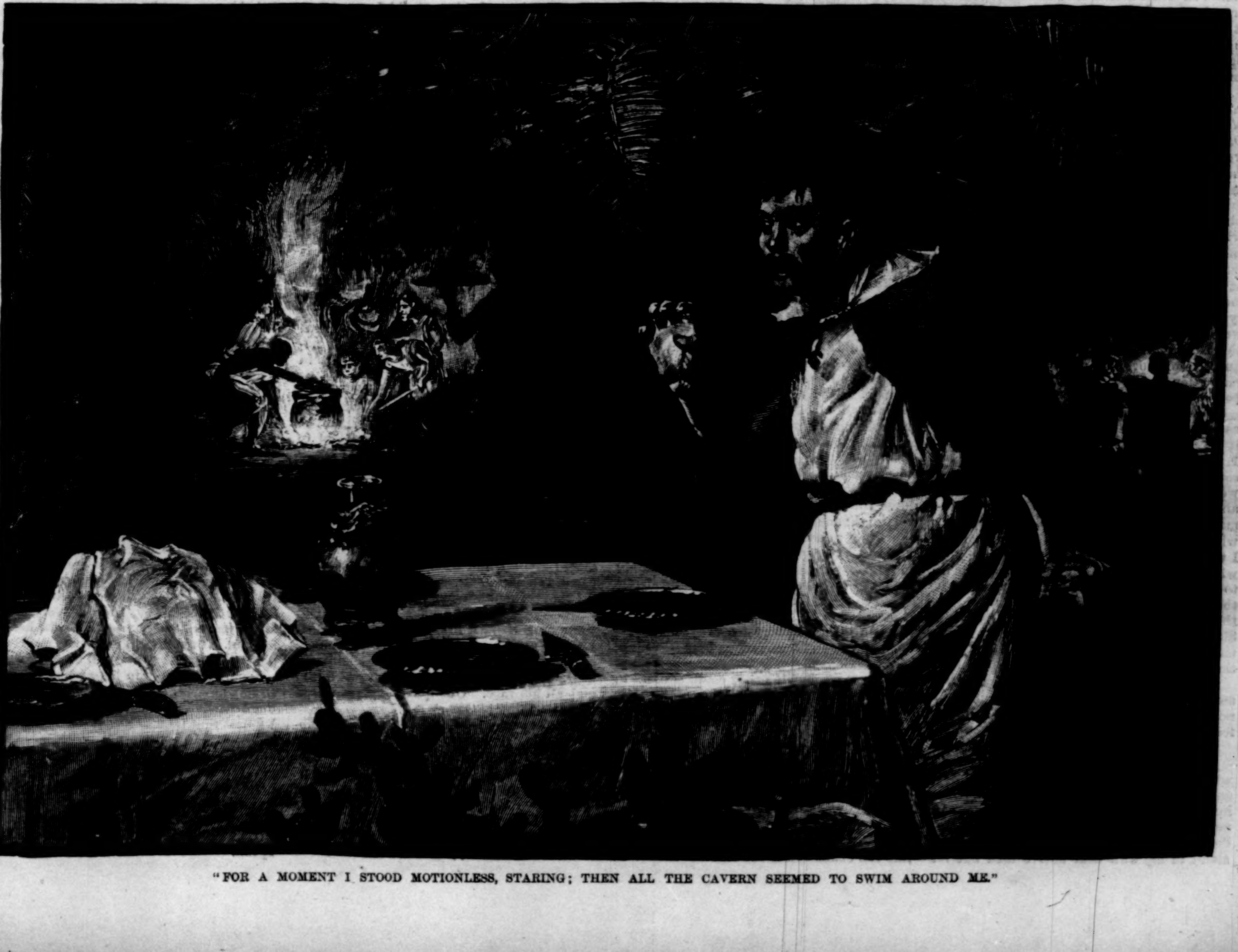
A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AWFUL "MISTA KOSEK."

THE terrible sacrifice marked the end of the light season. The dark season had now begun, which would last for half the coming year. No more sunlight would now be visible, save at first for a few *joms*, when at certain times the glare would be seen shooting up above the icy crests of the mountains. Now the people all moved out of the caverns into the stone houses on the opposite side of the terraces, and the busy throng transferred themselves and their occupations to the open air. This with them was the season of activity, when all their most important affairs were undertaken and carried out; the season, too, of enjoyment, when all the chief sports and festivals took place. Then the outer world all awoke to life; the streets were thronged, fleets of galleys came forth from their moorings, and the sounds of labor and of pleasure, of toil and revelry, arose into the darkened skies. Then the city was a city of the living, no longer silent, but full of bustle, and the caverns were frequented but little. This cavern life was only tolerable during the light season, when the sun-glare was over the land; but now, when the beneficent and grateful darkness pervaded all things, the outer world was infinitely more agreeable.

To me, however, the arrival of the dark season brought



"FOR A MOMENT I STOOD MOTIONLESS, STARING; THEN ALL THE CAVERN SEEMED TO SWIM AROUND ME."

only additional gloom. I could not get rid of the thought that I was reserved for some horrible fate, in which Almah also might be involved. We were both aliens here, in a nation of kind-hearted and amiable miscreants—of generous, refined, and most self-denying fiends; of men who were highly civilized, yet utterly wrong-headed and irreclaimable in their blood-thirsty cruelty. The stain of blood-guiltiness was over all the land. What was I, that I could hope to be spared? The hope was madness, and I did not pretend to indulge it.

The only consolation was Almah. The manners of these people were such that we were still left as unconstrained as ever in our movements, and always, wherever we went, we encountered nothing but amiable smiles and courteous offices. Every one was always eager to do anything for us—to give, to go, to act, to speak, as though we were the most honored of guests, the pride of the city. The Kohen was untiring in his efforts to please. He was in the habit of making presents every time he came to see me, and on each occasion the present was of a different kind; at one time it was a new robe of curiously wrought feathers, at another some beautiful gem, at another some rare fruit. He also made incessant efforts to render my situation pleasant, and was delighted at my rapid progress in acquiring the language.

On the *jom* following the sacrifice I accompanied Almah as she went to her daily task, and after it was over I asked when the new victims would be placed here. "How long does it take to embalm them?" I added.

Almah looked at me earnestly.

"They will not bring them here; they will not embalm them," said she.

"Why not?" I asked; "what will they do with them?"

"Do not ask," said she. "It will pain you to know."

In spite of repeated solicitation she refused to give me any satisfaction. I felt deeply moved at her words and her looks. What was it, I wondered, that could give me pain? or what could there still be that could excite fear in me, who had learned and seen so much? I could not imagine. It was evidently some disposal of the bodies of the victims—that was plain. Turning this over in my mind, with vague conjectures as to Almah's meaning, I left her and walked along the terrace until I came to the next cavern. This had never been open before, and I now entered through curiosity to see what it might be. I saw a vast cavern, quite as large as the *cheder nebilin*, full of people, who seemed to be engaged in decorating it. Hundreds were at work, and they had brought immense tree-ferns, which were placed on either side in long rows, with their branches meeting and interlacing at the top. It looked like the interior of some great Gothic cathedral at night, and the few twinkling lights that were scattered here and there made the shadowy outline just visible to me.

I asked one of the by-standers what this might be, and he told me that it was the *Mista Kosek*, which means the "Feast of Darkness," from which I gathered that they were about to celebrate the advent of the dark season with a feast. From what I knew of their character this seemed quite intelligible, and there was much beauty and taste in the arrangements. All were industrious and orderly, and each one seemed most eager to assist his neighbor. Indeed, there seemed to be a friendly rivalry in this which at times amounted to positive violence; for more than once when a man was seen carrying too large a burden, some one else would insist on taking it from him. At first these altercations seemed exactly like the quarrels of workmen at home, but a closer inspection showed that it was merely the persistent effort of one to help another.

I learned that the feast was to take place as soon as the hall was decorated, and that it would be attended by a great multitude. I felt a great interest in it. There seemed something of poetic beauty in this mode of welcoming the advent of a welcome season, and it served to mitigate the horrible remembrance of that other celebration, upon which I could not think without a shudder. I thought that it would be pleasant to join with them here, and resolved to ask Almah to come with me, so that she might explain the meaning of the ceremonies. Full of this thought, I went to her and told her my wish. She looked at me with a face full of amazement and misery. In great surprise I questioned her eagerly.

"Ask me nothing," said she. "I will answer nothing; but do not think of it. Do not go near it. Stay in your room till the fearful repast is over."

"Fearful? How is it fearful?" I asked.

"Everything here is fearful," said Almah, with a sigh. "Every season it grows worse, and I shall grow at length to hate life and love death as these people do. They can never understand us, and we can never understand them. Oh, if I could but once more stand in my own dear native land but for one moment—to see once more the scenes and the faces that I love so well! Oh, how different is this land from mine! Here all is dark, all is terrible. There the people love the light and rejoice in the glorious sun, and when the dark season comes they wait, and have no other desire than for the long day. There we live under the sky, in the eye of the sun. We build our houses, and when the dark season comes we fill them with lamps that make a blaze like the sun itself."

"We must try to escape," I said, in a low voice.

"Escape!" said she. "That is easy enough. We might go now; but where?"

"Back," said I, "to your own country. See, the sky is dotted with stars: I can find my way by them."

"Yes," said she, "if I could only tell you where to go; but I cannot. My country lies somewhere over the sea, but where, I know not. Over the sea there are many lands, and we might reach some one even worse than this."

"Perhaps," said I, "the Kohen might allow us to go away to your country, and send us there. He is most generous and most amiable. He seems to spend most of his time in efforts to make us happy. There must be many seamen in this nation who know the way. It would be worth trying."

Almah shook her head. "You do not understand these people," said she. "Their ruling passion is the hatred of self, and therefore they are eager to confer benefits on others. The only hope of life that I have for you and for myself is in this, that if they kill us they will lose their most agreeable occupation. They value us most highly, because we take everything that is given us. You and I now possess as our own property all this city and all its buildings, and all the people have made themselves our slaves."

At this I was utterly bewildered.

"I don't understand," said I.

"I suppose not," said Almah; "but you will understand better after you have been here longer. At any rate, you can see for yourself that the ruling passion here is self-denial and the good of others. Every one is intent upon this, from the Kohen up to the most squalid pauper."

"*Up* to the most squalid pauper?" said I. "I do not understand you. You mean *down* to the most squalid pauper."

"No," said Almah; "I mean what I say. In this country the paupers form the most honored and envied class."

"This is beyond my comprehension," said I. "But if this is really so, and if these people pretend to be our slaves, why may we not order out a galley and go?"

"Oh, well, with you in your land, if a master were to order his slaves to cut his throat and poison his children and burn down his house, would the slaves obey?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, our slaves here would not—in fact could not—obey a command that would be shocking to their natures. They think that we are in the best of all lands, and my request to be sent home would be utterly monstrous."

"I suppose," said I, "they would kill us if we asked them to do so?"

"Yes," said Almah; "for they think death the greatest blessing."

"And if at the point of death we should beg for life, would they spare us?"

"Certainly not," said Almah. "Would you kill a man who asked for death? No more would these people spare a man who asked for life."

All this was so utterly incomprehensible that I could pursue the subject no further. I saw, however, that Almah was wretched, dejected, and suffering greatly from homesickness. Gladly would I have taken her and started off on a desperate flight by sea or land—gladly would I have dared every peril, although I well knew what tremendous perils there were; but she would not consent, and believed the attempt to be useless. I could only wait, therefore, and indulge the hope that at last a chance of escape might one day come, of which she would be willing to avail herself.

Almah utterly refused to go to the feast, and entreated me not to go; but this only served to increase my curiosity, and I determined to see it for myself, whatever it was. She had seen it, and why should not I? Whatever it might be, my nerves could surely stand the shock as well as hers. Besides, I was anxious to know the very worst; and if there was anything that could surpass in atrocity what I had already witnessed, it were better that I should not remain in ignorance of it.

So at length, leaving Almah, I returned to the hall of the feast. I found there a vast multitude, which seemed to comprise the whole city—men, women, children, all were there. Long tables were laid out. The people were all standing and waiting. A choir was singing plaintive strains that sounded like the chant of the sacrifice. Those nearest me regarded me with their usual amiable smiles, and wished to conduct me to some place of honor; but I did not care about taking a part in this feast. I wished to be a mere spectator, nothing more.

I walked past and came to the next cavern. This seemed to be quite as large as the other. There was a crowd of people here also, and at one end there blazed an enormous fire. It was a furnace that seemed to be used for cooking the food of this banquet, and there was a thick steam rising from an immense caldron, while the air was filled with an odor like that of a kitchen.

All this I took in at a glance, and at the same instant I saw something else. There were several very long tables, which stood at the sides of the cavern and in the middle, and upon each of these I saw lying certain things covered over with cloths. The shape of these was more than suggestive—it told me all. It was a sight of horror—awful, tremendous, unspeakable! For a moment I stood motionless, staring; then all the cavern seemed to swim around me. I reeled, I fell, and sank into nothingness.

When I revived I was in the lighted grotto, lying on a couch, with Almah bending over me. Her face was full of tenderest anxiety, yet there was also apparent a certain solemn gloom that well accorded with my own feelings. As I looked at her she drew a long breath, and buried her face in her hands.

After a time my recollection returned, and all came back before me. I rose to a sitting posture.

"Do not rise yet," said Almah, anxiously; "you are weak."

"No," said I; "I am as strong as ever; but I'm afraid that you are weaker."

Almah shuddered.

"If you had told me exactly what it was," said I, "I would not have gone."

"I could not tell you," said she. "It is too terrible to name. Even the thought is intolerable. I told you not to go. Why did you go?"

She spoke in accents of tender reproach, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I did not think of anything so hideous as that," said I. "I thought that there might be a sacrifice, but nothing worse."

I now learned that when I fainted I had been raised most tenderly, and the Kohen himself came with me as I was carried back, and he thought that Almah would be my most agreeable nurse. The Kohen was most kind and sympathetic, and all the people vied with one another in their efforts to assist me—so much so that there was the greatest confusion. It was only by Almah's express entreaty that they retired and left me with her.

Here was a new phase in the character of this mysterious people. Could I ever hope to understand them? Where other people are cruel to strangers, or at best indifferent, these are eager in their acts of kindness; they exhibit the most unbounded hospitality, the most lavish generosity, the most self-denying care and attention; where others would be offended at the intrusion of a stranger, and enraged at his unconquerable disgust, these people had no feeling save pity, sympathy, and a desire to alleviate his distress. And yet—oh, and yet!—oh, thought of horror!—what was this that I had seen? The abhorrent savages in the outer wilderness were surely of the same race as these. They too received us kindly, they too lavished upon us their hospitality, and yet there followed the horror of that frightful repast. Here there had been kindness and generosity and affectionate attention, to be succeeded by deeds without a name. Ah me! what an hour that was! And yet it was as nothing compared to what lay before me in the future.

But the subject was one of which I dared not speak—one from which I had to force my thoughts away. I took the violin and played "Lochaber" till Almah wept, and I had to put it away. Then I begged her to play or sing. She brought forth an instrument like a lute, and upon this she played some melancholy strains.

At length the Kohen came in. His mild, benevolent face never exhibited more gentle and affectionate sympathy than now. He seated himself, and with eyes half closed, as usual, talked much; and yet, with a native delicacy which always distinguished this extraordinary man, he made no allusion to the awful *Mista Kosek*. For my own part, I could not speak. I was absent-minded, overwhelmed with gloom and despair, and at the same time full of aversion toward him and all his race. One question, however, I had to put.

"Who were the victims of the *Mista Kosek*?"

"They?" said he, with an agreeable smile. "Oh, they were the victims of the sacrifice."

I sank back in my seat, and said no more. The Kohen then took Almah's lute, played and sang in a very sweet voice, and at length, with his usual gentle consideration, seeing that I looked weary, he retired.

CHAPTER XIV.

I LEARN MY DOOM.

Horror is a feeling that cannot last long; human nature is incapable of supporting it. Sadness, whether from bereavement, or disappointment, or misfortune of any kind, may linger on through life. In my case, however, the milder and more enduring feeling of sadness had no sufficient cause for existence. The sights which I had seen inspired horror, and horror only. But when the first rush of this feeling had passed there came a reaction. Calmness followed, and then all the circumstances of my life here conspired to perpetuate that calm. For here all on the surface was pleasant and beautiful; all the people were amiable and courteous and most generous. I had light and luxury and amusements. Around me there were thousands of faces, all greeting me with cordial affection, and thousands of hands all ready to perform my slightest wish. Above all, there was Almah. Everything combined to make her most dear to me. My life had been such that I never before had seen any one whom I loved; and here Almah was the one congenial associate in a whole world of aliens: she was beautiful and gentle and sympathetic, and I loved her dearly, even before I understood what my feelings were. One day I learned all, and found that she was more precious to me than all the world.

It was one *jom* when she did not make her appearance as usual. On asking after her I learned that she was ill. At this intelligence there came over me a feeling of sickening anxiety and fear. Almah ill! What if it should prove serious? Could I endure life here without her sweet companionship? Of what value was life without her? And as I asked myself these questions I learned that Almah had become dearer to me than life itself, and that in her was all the sunshine of my existence. While she was absent, life was nothing; all its value, all its light, its flavor, its beauty, were gone. I felt utterly crushed. I forgot all else save her illness, and all that I had endured seemed as nothing when compared with this.

In the midst of my own anxiety I was surprised to find that the whole community was most profoundly agitated. Among all classes there seemed to be but one thought—her illness. I could overhear them talking. I could see them waiting outside to hear about her. It seemed to be the one subject of interest, beside which all others were forgotten. The Kohen was absorbed in her case; all the physicians of the city were more or less engaged in her behalf; and there came forward as volunteers every woman in the place who had any knowledge of sick duties. I was somewhat perplexed, however, at their manner. They were certainly agitated and intensely interested, yet not exactly sad. Indeed, from what I heard it seemed as though this strange people regarded sickness as rather a blessing than otherwise. This, however, did not interfere in the slightest degree with the most intense interest in her, and the most assiduous attention. The Kohen in particular was devoted to her. He was absent-minded, silent, and full of care. On the whole, I felt more than ever puzzled, and less able than ever to understand these people. I loved them, yet loathed them; for the Kohen I had at once affection and horror. He looked like an anxious father, full of tenderest love for a sick child—full also of delicate sympathy with me; and yet I knew all the time that he was quite capable of plunging the sacrificial knife in Almah's heart and of eating her afterward.

But my own thoughts were all of Almah. I learned how dear she was. With her the brightness of life had passed; without her existence would be intolerable. Her sweet voice, her tender and gracious manner, her soft touch, her tender, affectionate smile, her mournful yet trustful look—oh, heavens! would all these be mine no more? I could not endure the thought. At first I wandered about, seeking rest and finding none; and at length I sat in my own room, and passed the time in listening, in questioning the attendants, in wondering what I should do if she should be taken from me.

At length on one blessed *jom* the Kohen came to me with a bright smile.

"Our darling Almah is better," said he. "Eat, I beseech you. She is very dear to all of us, and we have all felt for her and for you. But now all danger is past. The physicians say that she will soon be well."

There were tears in his eyes as he spoke. It may have been caused by the bright light, but I attributed this to his loving heart, and I forgot that he was a cannibal. I took his hands in mine and pressed them in deep emotion. He looked at me with a sweet and gentle smile.

"I see it all," said he, in a low voice—"you love her, Atam-or."

I pressed his hands harder, but said nothing. Indeed, I could not trust myself to speak.

"I knew it," said he; "it is but natural. You are both of a different race from us; you are both much alike, and in full sympathy with one another. This draws you together. When I first saw you I thought that you would be a fit companion for her here—that you would lessen her gloom, and that she would be pleasant to you. I found out soon that I was right, and I felt glad, for you at once showed the fullest sympathy with one another. Never till you came was Almah happy with us; but since you have come she has been a different being, and there has been a joyousness in her manner that I never saw before. You have made her forget how to weep; and as for yourself, I hope she has made your life in this strange land seem less painful, Atam-or."

At all this I was so full of amazement that I could not say one word.

"Pardon me," continued he, "if I have said anything that may seem like an intrusion upon your secret and most sacred feelings. I could not have said it had it not been for the deep affection I feel for Almah and for you, and for the reason that I am just now more moved than usual, and have less control over my feelings."

Saying this, he pressed my hand and left me. It was not the custom here to shake hands, but with his usual amiability he had adopted my custom, and used it as naturally as though he had been to the manner born.

I was encouraged now. The mild Kohen came often to cheer me. He talked much about Almah—about her sweet and gracious disposition, the love that all felt for her, the deep and intense interest which her illness had aroused. In all this he seemed more like a man of my own race than before, and in his eager desire for her recovery he failed to exhibit that love for death which was his nature. So it seemed; yet this desire for her recovery did not arise out of any lack of love for death; its true cause I was to learn afterward; and I was to know that if he desired Almah's recovery now, it was only that she might live long enough to encounter death in a more terrific form. But just then all this was unknown, and I judged him by myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOUNT VERNON TORNADO.

On the afternoon of Sunday, February 19th, a cyclone struck the town of Mount Vernon, in southern Illinois, and within three minutes reduced a great part of it to ruins. It cut a broad swath through the eastern half of the town, left more than thirty dead bodies and scores of writhing victims in its train, and destroyed hundreds of stores, shops, and dwellings.

It came from the southwest, in the shape of a huge funnel or inverted cone, hanging down, black and portentous, from a copperish sky, revolving swiftly, and at the same time bounding down and up as if to swoop and clutch. The town, the county-seat of Jefferson County, was about two miles long, and contained four thousand inhabitants. The four sides of its public square were lined with stores, and in the centre stood the County Court-house, a massive three-story building of brick. Its streets were broad, lighted by electricity, and shaded by trees. There had been lightning and thunder that afternoon, followed by a short, noisy storm of rain and hail, which gave way to a peculiar, ominous stillness. The air was oppressive. A strange light called attention to the sky, where the clouds rapidly changed color, rolling and whirling and dropping nearer to the earth, until suddenly was showed the dreaded shape of the cyclone. Even while words of warning were uttered, alternately dipping and rising, and with an appalling roar, it had rushed upon the town.

Blocks of houses dropped like structures of cards. The great Court-house became a wreck; huge trees were torn up by the roots; solid brick edifices several stories high were demolished; while small frame buildings were picked up bodily and carried ten or twenty feet. The air was thick with roofs, trees, and timbers sucked up and swept onward. Where anything escaped, it seemed to be due to the swaying, rising, and dipping motion of the great cloud, like that of a balloon, which sometimes sheared a building close to its foundation, and then only clipped the roof from a neighboring structure. Several churches, two mills, railroad shops, and the Crewe block of brick stores were among the larger buildings wrecked. The Supreme Court-house lost its dome and roof.

Three minutes later the roar of the cyclone died away toward the woodlands, where it was rending and uprooting the great trees, and flinging them hundreds of feet beyond over the prairies. The sun shone out brightly; but on what a scene! Groans of anguish were heard from the sufferers crushed under the ruins; wailings for the dead; cries of horror at finding the town on fire in a dozen places. From some houses that had not been wholly destroyed windows had been broken, blinds torn off, and stoves overturned. The double work of quenching the flames, and rescuing the bruised and maimed crying for help from beneath the wreckage, quickly began. Firemen, surgeons, and policemen were re-enforced by the whole body of citizens. All night long they worked; and when morning came the houses that remained were filled with the dead and the injured. Among the latter were several whose cases were hopeless. Those who had been killed outright numbered thirty or more. About three hundred houses had been destroyed, and fully a thousand people made homeless. A railway train passing the town on its way to St. Louis had barely escaped swelling the list of victims. The storm-cloud rushed directly at it, crushed a building on one side of the train, then lifting itself, passed over it, and destroyed a building on the other side. Such is a brief record of the work of one of the most destructive of the tornadoes that have in recent years scourged the West.

THE SONG FOR WORK.

AFTER HOOD—A GENERATION.

With fingers strong and unworn,
But eyelids heavy and red,
A woman haunts the shops, neatly clad,
Begging for needle and thread.
"I can work; I am strong and young!"
She cries, in a voice that hurts,
To the man who will pay her forty-five cents
If she makes a dozen shirts.

"I can work all day!" she cried,
When the cock was crowing aloof.
"No work all day!" she cries,
When the stars shine through the roof.
It were better to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Than a Christian woman, with soul to save,
Who has neither money nor work.

She is strong, and willing to work
Till her brain begins to swim;
She only asks to work
Till her eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam—and gusset—and band—
It were heaven if she could be
Only too busy to stop
Till her eyes can no longer see!

O men, with sisters dear,
Toiling for mothers and wives,
These others ask but to work themselves
Through all their dreary lives.
Work—and they cannot get that;—
Stitch—stitch—stitch?—
How gladly would they but sit and work
For the idle and the Rich!

"There is plenty of work, indeed;
But alas! when I go, they say
There are plenty of workers too,
And no work for me to-day.
If Hunger would strike me dead,
I would kiss her lips in glee;
But it takes so long to die,
When you are strong like me!

"What kind of work would I do?
Anything you contrive.
Wages? The merest sum
That will keep me just alive.
I would make you a dozen shirts
To-night for a bit of bread;
And a dozen more—nay, two—
For a place to lay my head.

"No work—no work—no work—
From weary chime to chime;
No work—no work—no work—
Till a prisoner works for crime.
Ha! ha! in a prison's ward
They will find me something to do!
Oh, who would dream that the idle Rich
Could keep their wants so few?

"Work? I would gladly work
In the dull December light;—
I only ask for work
When the days are warm and bright.
When underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
I shall not envy them their wings
If I get work in the spring.

"I shall not grudge them sky,
Or the grass and flowers sweet,
If I have a roof above my head
And a floor beneath my feet.
O but for one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
With enough to do to keep off want,
And to buy me one more meal!

"O but for one short hour
To have enough to do!—
Who could believe the idle Rich
Would keep their wants so few?
I am tired of weeping here;
For God's sake ease my brain,
By letting me tire idle hands
With a wealth of work again!

"They say the Rich are to blame,
With their idle, haughty ways;
Their world of manifold foolish wants,
Their proud, untoiling days.
But it seems to me their wants
Are all too strangely few:
They cannot find for a girl like me
A single thing to do!"

Alice Wellington Rollins.

THE PRESIDENT IN FLORIDA.

At noon of Tuesday, February 21st, President and Mrs. Cleveland, accompanied by Secretary and Mrs. Whitney and Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, left Washington on a special train for a short visit to Florida.

Savannah was reached the next morning, amid the roar of the guns of the Chatham Artillery and the shrill welcome of all the steam-whistles. The Mayor and leading citizens were at the station, whence, after a short reception and handshaking, the party, under escort of the Georgia Hussars, drove through the crowded streets for about an hour, making a brief stop at the Academy of Fine Arts. Cheers greeted them, and little girls flung bunches of yellow jasmine into Mrs. Cleveland's carriage.

Jacksonville was in holiday attire when the President arrived there, early in the afternoon. Palms, palmettoes, pines, cedars, magnolias, Spanish-moss, festoons of oranges and orange flowers, made a picturesque scene. Triumphal arches, decked with bunting and bearing mottoes of welcome, spanned the route from Bridge Street through Bay and Laurel. A salute of twenty-one guns had been fired as the train arrived, and the President, in a carriage trimmed with flowers, was escorted to his rooms at the St. James Hotel, which were also fragrant with masses of spring flowers. Among the contributions was a single branch containing twelve oranges, with buds and blossoms. After lunch a procession of local organizations conducted the party to the Exposition, where Colonel J. J. Daniel delivered an address of welcome, to which the President responded. In the course of his response, the President said: "The citizen of the United States in search of health or pleasure or of comfort needs not to leave American soil nor the products of American institutions and American laws. The advantage of foreign travel, I suppose, must not be denied, and yet I believe there are those things in our own land which will be of interest and instruction oftentimes to those who are interested in looking on the sights of foreign countries. One satisfaction we have is that those travellers when they return, return to us with increased love for their homes; and I have sometimes thought a good part of the time spent in discovering how much we love our own country had the effect of increasing our patriotism." The platform and galleries were crowded with invited guests. At night a reception was held at the hotel. The city was beautiful, with the electric light shining amongst the profuse foliage, and the entire population, with the 25,000 visitors, gave the President and Mrs. Cleveland a Southern welcome.

Thursday morning was also devoted to the Exposition, where the pansies, the palms, and the pineapples alike attracted wonder. From a tree loaded with about a hundred oranges Mrs. Cleveland picked one, and playfully tossed it to the President, who was not quick enough, and received it on the nose. Equal to the occasion, he suggested that man long ago got himself into trouble by accepting fruit plucked by a woman. Many gifts of flowers and fruits were made to the party, also a tame fawn.

The train was then taken for St. Augustine, where the scenes of enthusiastic welcome were renewed. Eight young ladies in white gave Mrs. Cleveland a bouquet as she entered her carriage, and others were thrown by the school-children as the procession passed to the Ponce de Leon House. The yacht clubs and others had contributed a multitude of flags to decorate the great hotel, and electric lights with various colored globes and Japanese lanterns produced a brilliant effect. During the evening a reception was held. Mrs. Cleveland, attired in a brocaded pink silk embroidered with roses, with point lace, diamond necklace, and a diamond aigrette in her hair, held a bouquet of natural flowers within which was an electric light, given to her by a little girl.

At nine o'clock the party proceeded in a beautifully decorated car to Palatka, where crowds were gathered in hope of a longer stay, and thence to Titusville, where on Friday the party took a steamer on the Indian River for Rockledge, and lunched there. At Sanford two hours were devoted to the beautiful South Florida Exposition, and a most enthusiastic reception was given to the party. Then followed the return to Jacksonville and the homeward journey to Washington, which included a brief stop on Saturday morning at Charleston, where the houses were lavishly decorated, and a great military and civil demonstration was prepared.

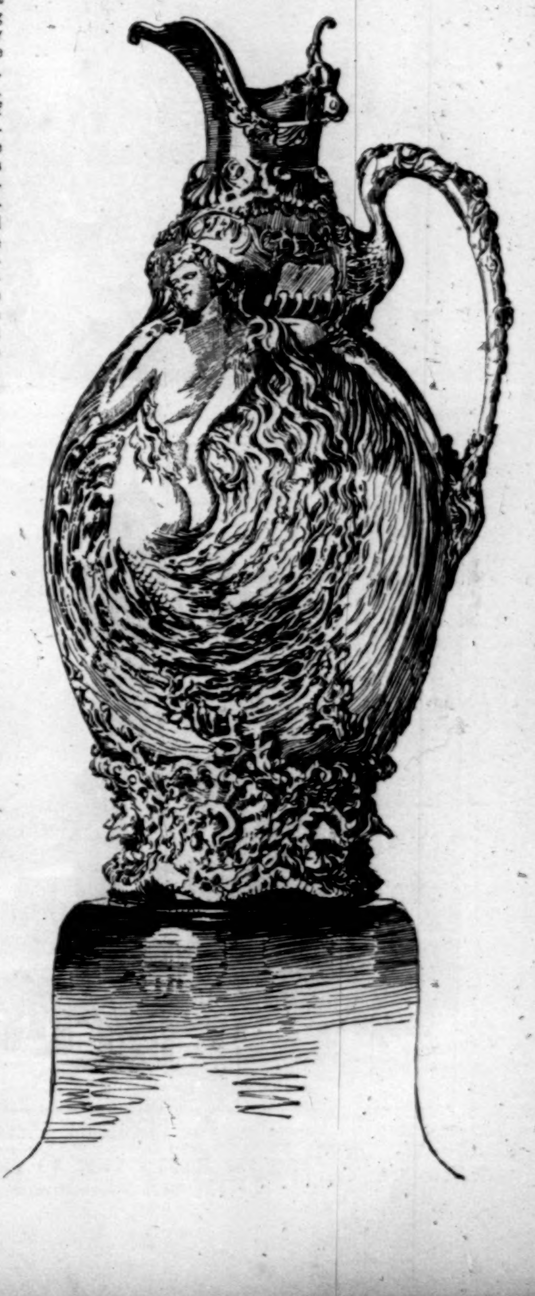
THE PAINE TESTIMONIAL.

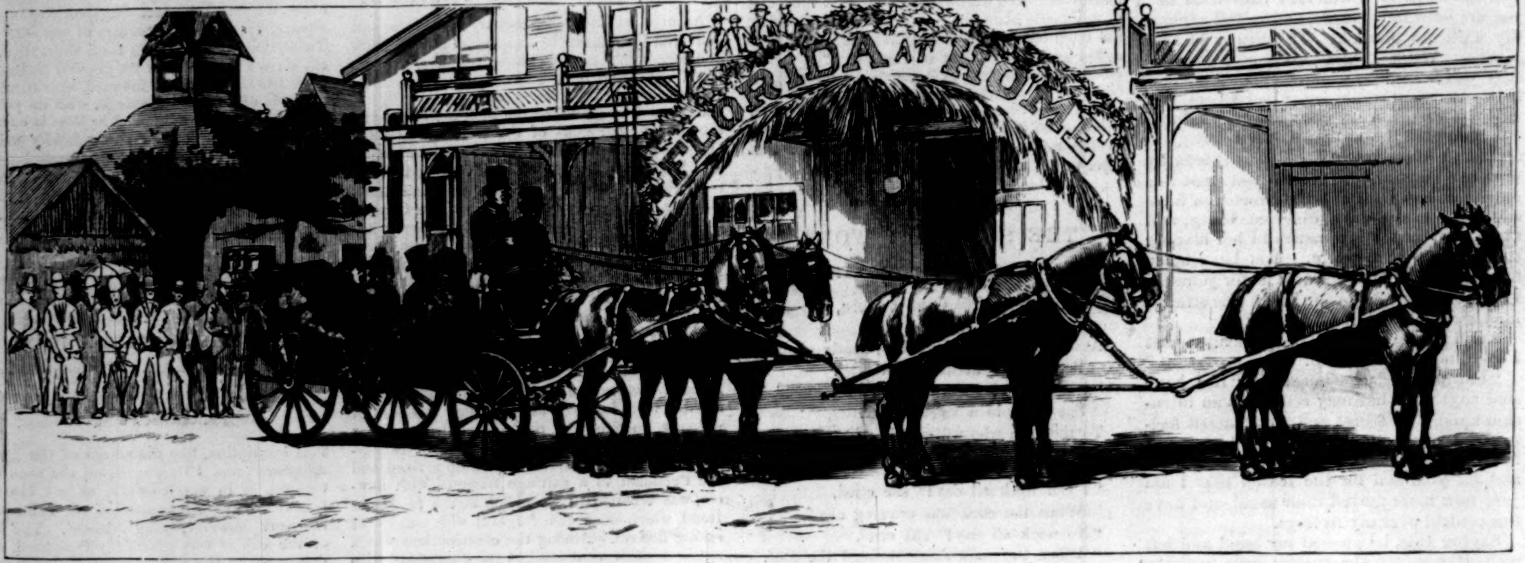
The artists of the Whiting Manufacturing Company have celebrated in swift succession the victories of the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*, and now they have been called in to honor Captain Charles J. Paine, the hero of the three races, with a cup which honors the progress of American art no less than it does the givers and the recipient. The cup is on view in the window of the Whiting Manufacturing Company on Union Square, where, at the request of the New York Yacht Club, it will remain for a short time. Our cut gives a good idea of the general design. The piece has the form of a tankard, with handle and cover, is of silver, and stands, with its pedestal, twenty-seven inches high. The base is composed of corals, sea-weed, and shells boldly grouped, and the body of the tankard is suggestive of the sea itself, the strong and graceful lines at once defining the shape of the cup, and interesting us with their imaginative variety. On one side a clear field is left for the inscription:

PRESENTED BY THE
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB
TO
CAPTAIN CHARLES J. PAINE,
In grateful recognition of his unequalled skill
and ability in thrice defending the
"AMERICA'S" CUP.

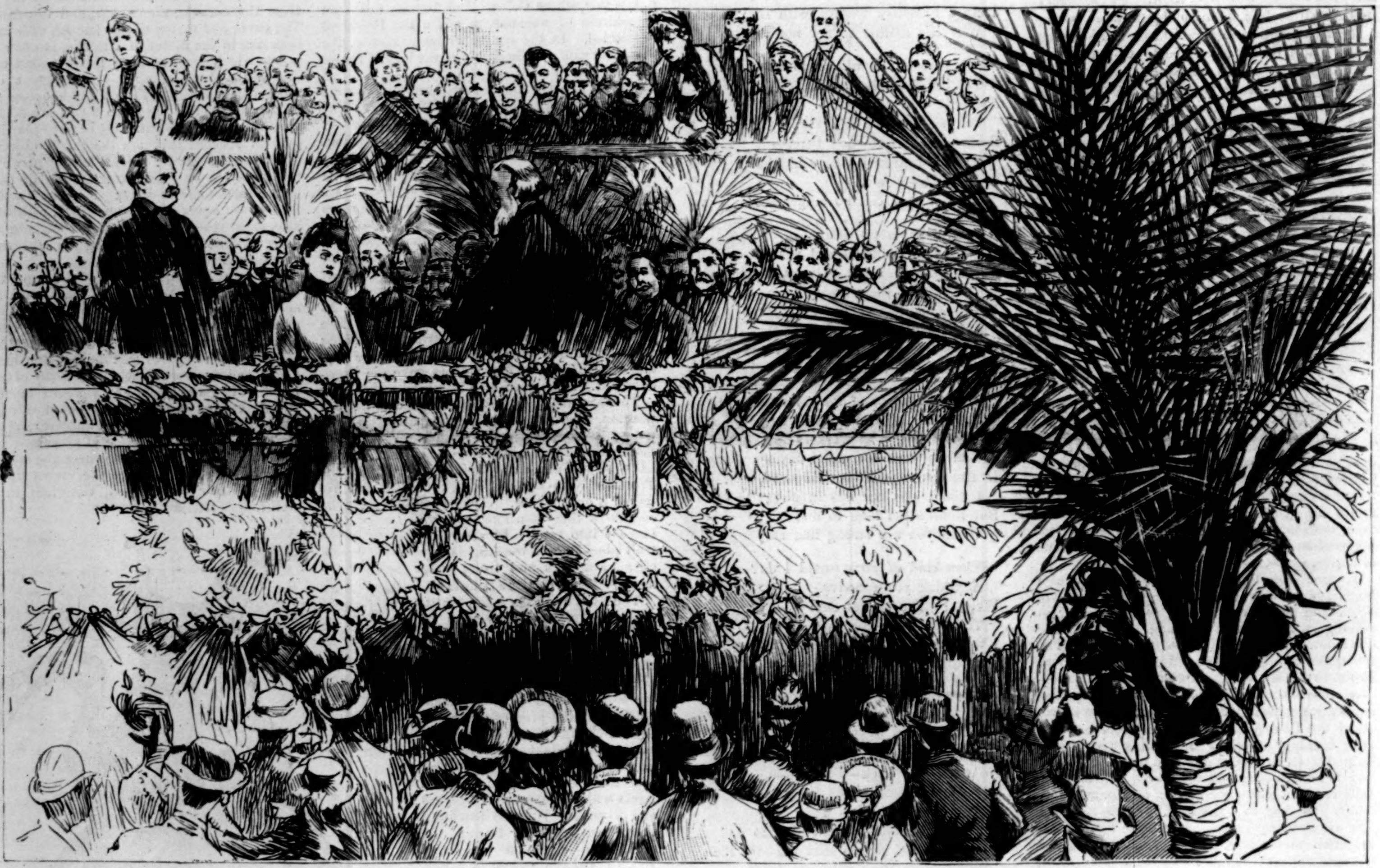
This inscription, like the names of the *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer* about the neck of the tankard, is in applied-work, as are also some features of the ornamentation, the main part of the work, however, being *repoussé*. The handle of the cup is very gracefully composed, with a decoration of the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland, in delicate allusion to the victories won by the club from the *Genesta*, the *Thistle*, and the *Galatea*. The curve and spring of this handle, with its termination in the flower of a thistle, is one of the points which most severely test the skill of the designer, and its solution reflects great credit alike upon his feeling for art and his close study of nature. While the plant forms are perfectly subordinated to the part they have to play in the general scheme, they are delightful objects of study in themselves: outside of Japan we have never seen more accurate rendering of natural forms in decorative work. A point worthy of note is the cover of the cup, which, without any attempt at realistic treatment, yet suggests in its graceful lines and close fitting the construction of a bivalve shell.

The most striking feature of the cup will be, to the most of us, the figure of the mermaid who springs from the foaming cap of the wave to greet the victorious sea-bird and salute her gallant captain and his crew. This is, without doubt, one of the best figures that the designer has produced, and the workmanship is worthy of no less praise. In its graceful and vigorous movement it fitly crowns a remarkable composition, and every American who takes an interest in his country's progress in the peaceful arts must rejoice in this latest achievement, where the artist and the artisan unite to place the crown upon the head of their countryman, victorious in three well-fought friendly fields.

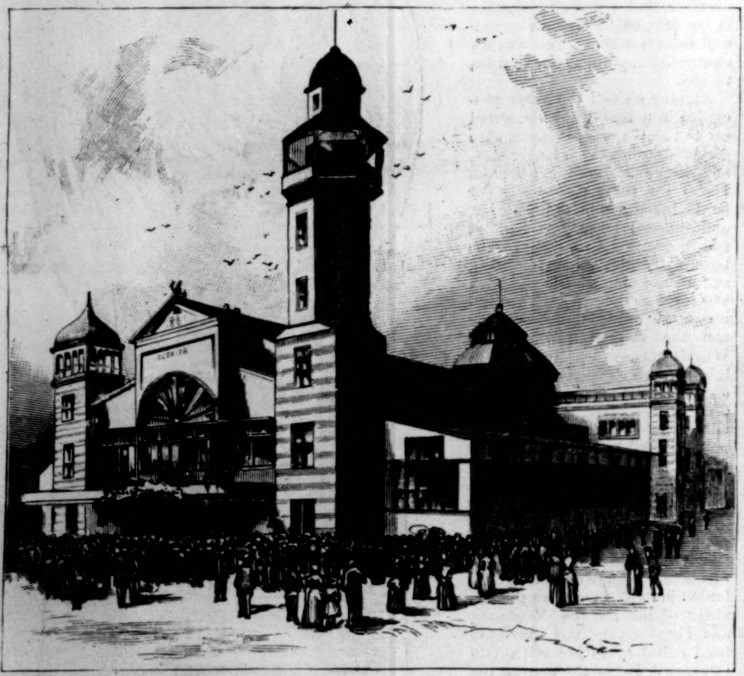



FLORIDA AT HOME

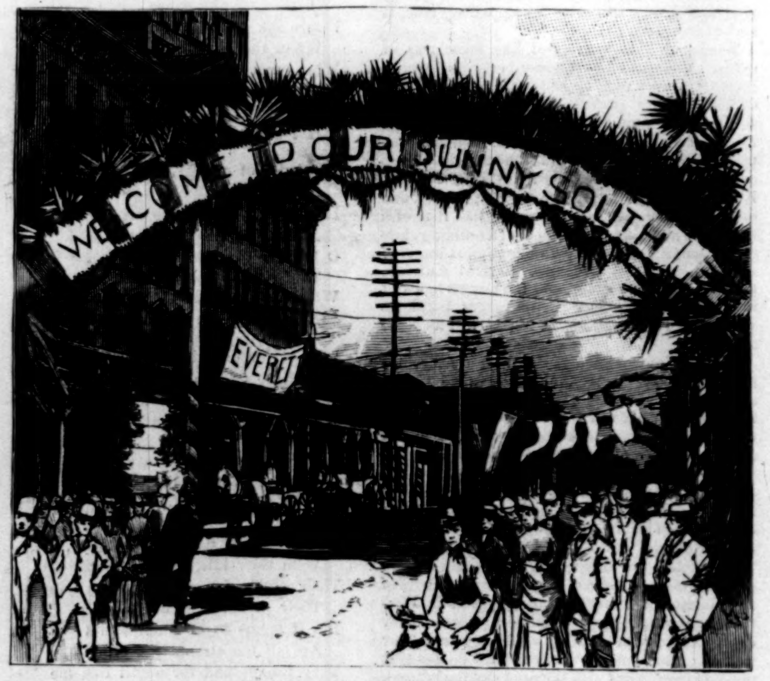
THE PRESIDENT'S ARRIVAL AT THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.



RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT IN THE EXPOSITION.

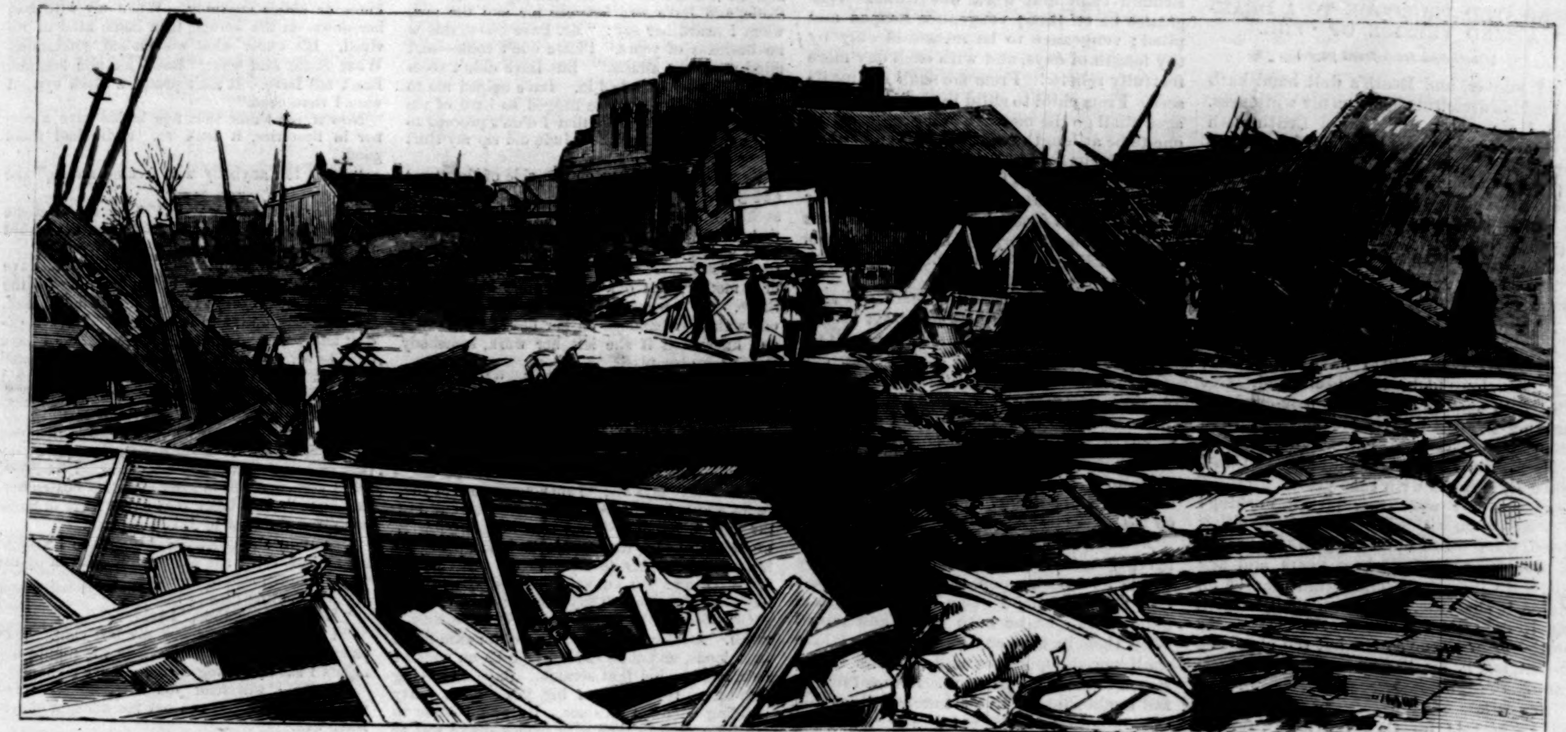


THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.

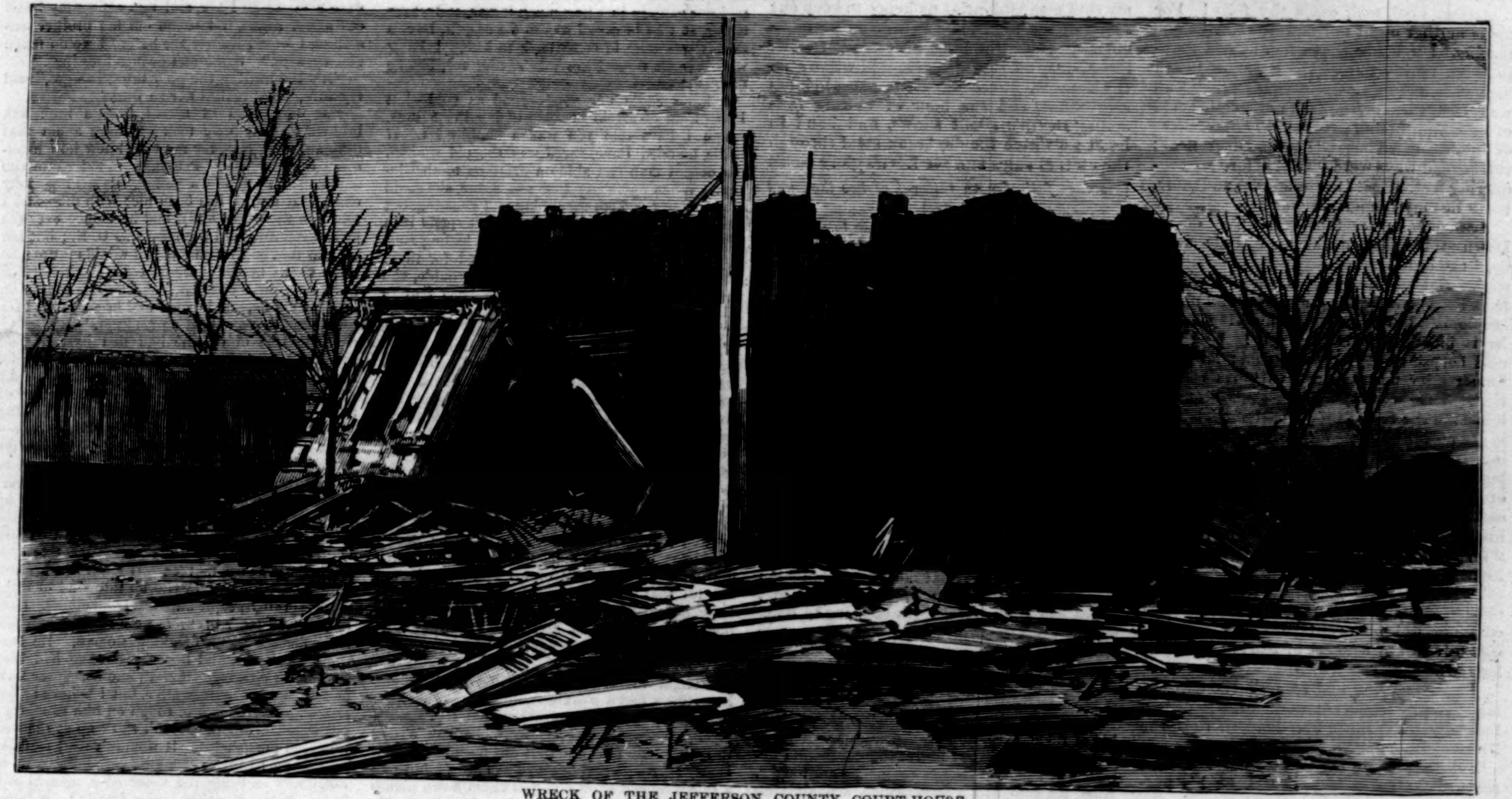

WELCOME TO OUR SUNNY SOUTH
EVERETT

ARCH ERECTED OVER BAY STREET.

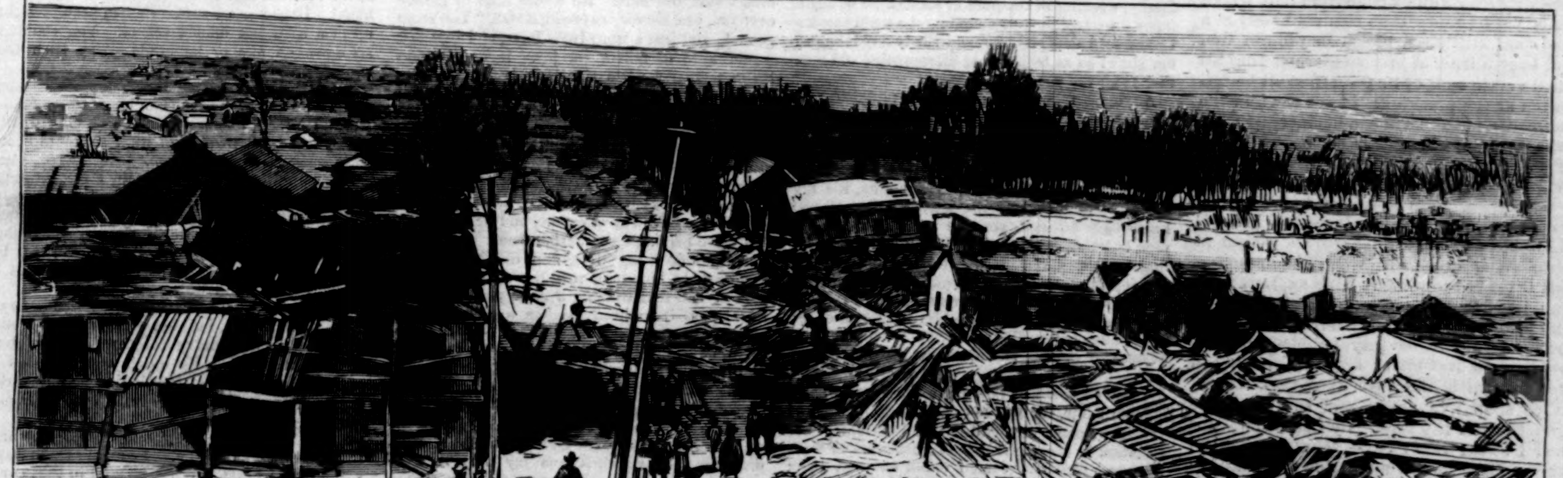
THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO FLORIDA—SCENES IN JACKSONVILLE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. P. HAVENS, JACKSONVILLE.—[SEE PAGE 151.]



RUINS OF STORES.



WRECK OF THE JEFFERSON COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS.

THE TRACK OF RUIN OF THE TORNADO AT MOUNT VERNON, ILLINOIS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

SUGGESTED PROLOGUE TO A DRAMATIZED VERSION OF "SHE."

(*Continued from front page.*)

I am marble, and Death's dull hand hath limned his dreadful aspect on my whiteness. Oh! I am water, and barren Death doth overhang me, and ever my chill breast must picture his solemnity. Nay, I am ice, all ice, set in a sunless region. Death is my life, and like the white sea mountains of the North, I must float upon a tideless sea, bearing this (*points to corpse*) within my frozen heart.

Amenartas. And I? Tell me, most wise sorceress, what fate is mine?

Ayesha. Thou shalt die.

Amenartas. Wilt slay me also?

Ayesha. Nay; could I have slain thee, Egyptian, long hadst thou been dead. Get thee hence. Thou hast my safe-conduct. Get thee gone—I find the means—and leave me with my immortal woe.

Amenartas. And what of my woe? Can I leave *my* sorrows with thee also?

Ayesha. Thy woe, thou pitiful nothing! Thy woe, thou withering leaf, thou ravelling shred, thou worm burrowing to the grave! A little space, a few short years, and age will draw its sting. Time shall breathe on it and it shall die, and Death shall bury it. It will fade like the stamp of mortal beauty on thy brow—fade as the hot red clouds of sunset, and be swallowed in the gray forgetfulness of night.

Amenartas. After night, the dawn. Live on, Immortal; for thee the night, for me the morning!

Ayesha. Fool, fool, cease thy folly! For me is neither night nor morning. All Time is mine. I tell thee that when I stood within these raging flames the Gates of Death flew wide, and like a wandering star my soul was swept through the dark untravelled void of ages infinite and to come. The distances of unhorizoned Time opened and drew near; their broad ways were spread before my conquering feet. Alas! I am immortal, and there, there lies my immortal doom!

Amenartas. Aye, Sorceress, thy doom! Down that dagger blade of thine swift sped the lightning of thy doom, searing thy soul. But two nights gone thou drewest it from Heaven to be thy guerdon till all nights are done. Let it blast thy undying heart; let it blast thee everlastingly! Hug that cold corpse to thy colder breast; let thine immortality make merry with its corruption. Take thou yon clay-clad form and leave me the Spirit thou hast loosed. That is my part, and *there* lies thine. 'Tis me he loves; not thee. When radiant in thy magic loveliness thou didst pass from the Flame of Life and beckon him to thy sweet breast, say, did he come? Or did he turn to me, his wife, and cast his arms about me, crying, "Witch, begone, and leave me to my mortal love!"

Ayesha. Yea, that he did, but not for love of thee, Egyptian. The sight of my unveiled glory did but confuse his sense. He spoke from out a heart of fear, and not for hatred's sake.

Amenartas. Aye, and so well thou knewest this that thou from out a heart of jealous rage didst smite him dead, there in the Place of Life.

Ayesha. I smote because my passion made me mad. Or was it Fate writing his purpose with my dagger point, and severing the present with its quick edge from that which is not yet? Know thou this cold body is a seed that still shall bloom in radiant life, and bear a fruit of love so glorious that all the desolate ages of its growth shall be forgotten at the plucking. I have sown in the grave of Time, and Time in his increase shall bring my happy harvest to the sickle. Think of it! Kallikrates shall live again and love me.

Amenartas. Thou speakest truth. Thou hast sown, and thou shalt reap. Fruitful shall be thy sin, for its grown weight at length shall crush thee when thou reachest out thy hand to pluck. Live on, Immortal, and feed upon thy memories; aye, bear up thy heavy heart with glittering hopes that from century to century bubble-like shall burst upon the bitter air. I also have a voice of truth, and I tell thee that Kallikrates shall live again, and ruin shall be give thee for thy love. By Osiris the justified I swear it. I curse thee, and I doom thee. Mine he is, and mine he shall be forever. While thou watchest in thy long agony I shall sweetly sleep; and when thy watching is outworn, then shall I awake and snatch the opportunity.

Ayesha (*fiercely*). Begone! Tarry no more, lest from my secret strength I do summon such a spell as shall fix thee here forever. [*Claps her hands.*] Ho! slaves! [*Amahagger soldiers appear.*] Lead this woman hence—ye know whither.

[Amenartas *waves them back imperiously, so that they stand irresolute at end of stage, and out of hearing.*

Amenartas. I go. I go to fulfil my doom. Remain thou and work out thine. Vengeance be on thee; vengeance heaped and piled; vengeance to be measured only by thy length of days, and with each day more fearfully reborn! From me shall spring its seed. From child to child in the unbegotten ages shall go the message of my malison, till one to be at length shall wreak its utter and most hideous weight upon thy glory. Ayesha, fare thee well, till *thou* the conquered and *I* the conqueror shall meet upon another shore. [*Bends forward as though to kneel down and kiss the corpse.* Ayesha *interposes.*

Ayesha. Begone! Touch him not! I say—away with her!

[*Amahagger soldiers advance and seize* Amenartas *by the arms, but without violence, and draw her away. At the exit she wrenches herself free, and casts one look at the corpse and one at* Ayesha, *and speaks.*

Amenartas. From thy sight I go. But when in far-distant time once more with the reborn Kallikrates thou standest in the Place of Life, then, Sorceress, perish miserably in thy sorcery, and, perishing, think on me! [*Goes.*

Ayesha (*soliloquizes*). And thou art gone, leaving me—this. Ah! how heavily thy words do knock upon the gates of sense! Can they be truth? Can he be thine, not mine? Can he be both thine and mine? Why then in this one Fate-fashioned love shall perish opposites and we find unity. Nay, I alone shall triumph. Let me fail and fail again; let me live a hundred lives and die a hundred deaths, yet mine shall be the victory. [*Covers up corpse.*] And now, oh my cold companion, let us hence to keep our vigils of the night, and in solemn patience outwear the stretching distances of time. Sleep, sleep on, Kallikrates! and I will watch thy sleep, till at the last the furthest heights are gained, and the hour of waking falls across Death's silent snows, and hand in hand we watch the daybreak steal through the eternal skies and see Love's glory come.

[*Curtain falls for an interval of two thousand years.*]

[This Prologue is designed to explain to the spectator, in as few words as possible, such of the antecedent circumstances as are necessary to the right understanding of the tragedy.]

SADIE'S BUTCH.

SOFT-HEARTED! What do you take me for? Not in my line of duty. Care for dogs? Not a snap. Excuse me—I do care for their snaps. Never was a fancier. Know a Skye from a terrier, and what is a bull-pup. There was Irish Mike, who set one on me once. Ugly tenement-house, as black and dark inside as a tunnel. Saw something like a streak of white; that was the dog's hide or teeth; and a flash of red; that was maybe his eyes and mouth; and he missed my throat by an inch. I hit him with my billy, and that shunted him, and he went clean over the railing of the stair, fifty feet down, and hang me if, crippled as he was, that same dog didn't come crawling up the stair after me again! By that time I had Mike. What was he doing? Hammering his wife with a lap-stone. They were everlastingly flailing one another or their children. So you see I am not over-fond of dogs. But that has nothing particular to do with another dog that came under my notice.

Yes, Sadie came from a sad lot. The whole kit of them, excepting that girl, always were in hot water. There was no father, and the old woman was bad, and Sadie's brothers were toughs. Rum, sir, rum, and a promiscuous acquaintance with tavern loafers, spoilt them. Sadie kept that family, working in feathers or some kind of light fancy job; but she never could put a penny aside. I have seen that girl of a cold sleety day take off her shawl so as to hide her disreputable old mother from the passers-by.

A young fellow came along, a plumber and gas-fitter by trade; a likely chap, and an all-around mechanic. Dave Shaw's people I knew something about, so I tried to throw little jobs of work in his way. I could do that sometimes. Going my rounds of cold winter nights, it's my duty to watch out for the water-pipes. If you know your business you can soon learn when a pipe is bursted, because of the fizzing and trickling. Besides damage, there's loss of water to the department. If the shopkeepers live near, I let them know. Then I would tell Dave, and people would be glad to give him the job at once; and as he never, different from plumbers, took advantage of the situation, he got along first rate.

I don't know just how Dave became acquainted with Sadie, for she was not a sociable kind of young woman; mighty high and lofty for her situation in life, a girl that did not seem to want friends. Once, however, I found out that Dave and Sadie knew one another, and it was not under exactly what might be called pleasant circumstances. Sadie's mother and Irish Mike's Judy were trying to exterminate one another with pokers and fire-shovels, and there was a regular pitched battle. I don't say that if the two had had it out on the landing, I would have interfered, but in the court-yard, and sallying out on the street, and making a general rumpus, I was bound to stop it. It seems Dave had been talking with Sadie on the other side of the street. If I remember rightly she had a loaf of bread in her hand, when the girl made out her mother's particular howl. It was shriller than an Apache war-whoop, and by natural instinct she tore in, and so did Dave. I was running, and so was Sadie, and Dave was between me and the girl, when I heard her say: "Mr. Dave Shaw, this is no business of yours. Please don't come—and mind your own affairs." But Dave didn't seem to hear her—he pitched in. Dave helped me to quiet the women, and he begged so hard of me not to run them both in, that I didn't proceed to extremities, though Mike's Jude did rip my shirt collar clean off of me.

Next day I saw Dave on one side of the street and Sadie on the other, and Sadie wouldn't look at him. Poor Sadie! she had a handkerchief tied around her forehead, and her face was a dead white, and she looked just like one of the Good Sisters. I knew that in quieting her brute of a mother, that old wretch must have struck Sadie. She was, as I tell you, a plucky girl to go out with that bandage on her head; but maybe she knew that if she left her work, somebody would take her place.

Said Dave, pleasantly enough, "Miss Sadie, you are mighty proud this morning, not even giving the good-day to your friends," and he crossed over. She kind of waved him off, and said, "Mr. Dave Shaw, a man who respects himself mustn't keep company with the likes of me." "Nonsense!" says he; "I am not ashamed of you, Sadie, and it just hurts me to see you so down in the mouth, for they do say that mind trouble is worse than bodily hurt." Maybe it was poor policy on Dave's part to refer to the bandage on Sadie's head: you know how queer women are. Anyways she wouldn't say another word to him.

Of course the two made it up. The scar wasn't much. A little red streak on a white skin don't hurt looks, and then Sadie had coils on coils of hair, and she hid that scratch. Dave was doing first-rate. He struck a big job with a party building a Sound steamer. He would come to me from time to time with money that I was to bank for him. Oh yes, I made it all safe! for I told our captain just how much it was, and where it was, so that in case I was to die or quit, Dave's money was sure to come back to him. I knew well enough what Dave was saving for, but he didn't let on.

I knew Sadie was good—good as gold—but I was kind of afraid because of her belongings, which I have told you was a shabby lot. If Sadie married Dave, there was the old woman. No decent man can abide a drunken mother-in-law. When Sadie's mother was sober, she could make money enough scrubbing and cleaning, but she never had a cent that she didn't spend it in drink. Then there were those two loafing sons of hers. The mother naturally cared for these whelps, and as they were always in trouble, she was hiding them. It must have been Sadie's pride that kept Dave hanging on so long. It was a decent pride too, for the girl wanted to buy a few plain clothes, I suppose. I am a married man myself, and I understand women's feelings about their wedding duds. I heard that just as she had put by a little pot of money, her brothers found it and stole it. I couldn't interfere, because Sadie made no complaint. She would rather have died than done that. I couldn't tell Dave that the best thing for him to do was to go one day and marry Sadie, and so get shut of the whole family. Children owe their duty to their parents, I suppose, even if they are a bad lot, and I guess that was the light Sadie saw it in, though I am not as good as that; and as for that, I think Dave was of my opinion. It was natural that Sadie's two brothers should hate Dave like poison. He was interfering in their family affairs. Sadie had been their pudding, and it riled them that anybody else should get their pickings.

I ought to tell you that, differing from me, Dave Shaw had a weakness, and it was for dogs. I often argued with him about that foolishness. Mostly, when he was off work, he had a dog traipsing after him, and that dog he called Butch. Pretty? No; a real beast of a dog. Mouth like a Dutch hinged snuff-box that shuts down plumb square with a snap. An observing dog? He didn't look the part. He would kind of glance over you, and his very expression was, "You're no good." But just a word from Dave, and that dog would kind of quiver for joy. Dave now met Sadie regularly when she came home late from her work. So Butch, always following Dave, got to know Sadie. After a while maybe Dave taught Butch a dodge, for that dog would tear on a block or two ahead, find Sadie, give a little yowl, put back to Dave, yowl again, and keep up a sallying from one to the other until the two met. Then Butch would take it coolly, as if his part of the business was done, and he would follow close behind, quite unconcerned.

Dave was a big man, and didn't want any dog to help him in a row, but somehow I felt glad he had that Butch. Just at that time I got instruction from head-quarters to keep a sharp watch on Jake—that was Sadie's younger brother's name—because it was a cock-sure thing he had had a hand in a burglary.

The chances were that Sam, the older brother, was in the business, but it was not so certain, or, rather, harder to prove. I couldn't give the thing away to Dave, for he might have told Sadie, and then, again, it was my duty to keep shady. Sure enough, Jake was hauled up. Sam wasn't to be found. There must have been the deuce to pay in the tenement, for I came across Sadie in the street that night, and she was reeling so that at first I lost heart about her, thinking she might have been drinking. She seemed dazed for a while; then I saw she had been roughly handled. Somebody had given her a dreadful beating. Her lip was cut. I made up my mind that no one but a man could have bruised her so. She couldn't talk, she didn't even groan, nor cry, nor sob, like women do when they are in pain. I don't often do that kind of thing, for I ought to have reported the case at once. What I did was to take Sadie home to my wife. Sadie was so stunned and stupid she didn't seem to know or notice anything. When my wife laid her down on the lounge, then Sadie kind of revived. It's queer what women say sometimes. What Sadie said was: "Don't let him see me. Don't tell Dave. It isn't pretty, a black eye. I wish I were dead."

Now if you think that fine ladies have a corner in hysterics, it isn't so. Sadie had them good.

"Don't tell anybody who treated me so," she said.

"'Twasn't the old woman?" I put in. But she wouldn't say who it was. She was dead shut about that.

"It's all over with me—all over between Dave and me." And then she began moaning for the first time, and crying as if her heart would break. "I have disgraced and ruined him. Dave is decent and good and honest, and God knows I have tried to be. Don't tell Dave. What's to become of me? If Dave knew he would kill him; not for striking me; I can stand that; but, oh! I cannot tell the horrible things he called me."

"Who is Dave not to kill? who called you names, Sadie?" It might have been mean on my part to ask that, but my mind was on business. I felt sure that her brother Sam had beaten her, that hound's idea being that either Dave or Sadie had given the clew to Jake's capture.

By-and-by she quieted down. Then I said to her: "This thing has got to stop. Break up the whole concern and move away."

"And mother?"

"Move her too, then," I said.

"I would, but they took my last cent. They pawned all my poor clothes, and the nights and nights I sat up sewing them! I have no money."

"Sadie, I will lend you ten dollars. When you are married you can pay me back, or maybe Dave will."

"Married! married! That never can be. If I were a man like Dave, and was eating my heart out about a girl, if I found out her brother was a thief, I would let her rot before I would make her my wife." Sadie had flashes like that.

"It's the beating the poor thing has got," said my wife, "that makes her so wild."

We were kind of afraid Sadie's nose was broken, and my wife took on more about that than anything else, for my wife knew how handsome the girl was. Presently round came the ambulance surgeon—a young, skylarking, jolly chap, that always has been nice with me—and I told him the whole story, and he looked over the girl's head and said the nose was O. K.; but her eye was that badly "bunged," it would take maybe three weeks before it would come right. "You have been there yourself," said he, and the cut on the lip he'd fix, and he did; and he said "that for toughness that girl beat a pine knot." And when my wife told him Sadie had had hysterics, he said, "That was the correct thing for her to do, for a good conniption fit now and then was an A1 safety-valve." Then knowing that the bridge of Sadie's nose was not flattened, it was amazing how my wife's spirits rose. My wife is not—what is that you call it?—an imag—imaginative woman, but she took down a looking-glass in Sadie's room, which I pretended I didn't notice.

It didn't take long before Jake was sent up for a term of years. That happened when Sadie was still with us. Bless you! she was that stiff and sore she couldn't move for days. She kept fretting about her mother. It was Dave I pitied. Now you fellows who write up this kind of thing make working-people different from others. Dave knew that Sadie's brothers were rowdies and that their mother was a drinking woman. He read the newspapers, and learnt that Jake had been sent up for burglary. I don't know whether Dave had or hadn't a mother alive, but I believe he had sisters. It was kind of rough on him to marry a girl whose brothers couldn't show up at the wedding—to put it mild. It wouldn't tend to make a husband happy to have his wife pointed at by neighbors as being the sister of a man in Sing Sing. Supposing they had a family? A father as isn't a born fool has to think of a taint in the blood. Dave was no soft. He had been brought up in a hard but honest school. You couldn't sit down on him or he would strike from the shoulder, and plaguy hard at that.

I had no need to tell him about Jake—he knew it; but I up and let him know where Sadie was. He wasn't in a pleasant mood. I didn't give him any particulars of what an awful beating Sadie was suffering from.

"She's an obstinate girl," said Dave, knitting his eyebrows. "Here have I for 'most a year been begging her to marry me, and to leave her people. See here, I offered to give something toward the keep of that mother of hers. As to that brother of hers, he may hang, for what I care. I don't know what to do."

Nor did I; so I advised nothing. Sadie was mending in looks, but not in spirits. I could see she was just pining for news of Dave, but she never let on. He didn't show up, but I heard from a friend of Dave's that he was working on a steamer in the Erie Basin over in Brooklyn, and boarding there.

"Oh! he's gone, sure," said the party, "and took that Butch with him. You don't catch Dave without that beast. What he sees in that cur I don't know; he isn't a fighting dog."

I didn't think any more about Dave, when one day, three weeks or more after, I saw a dog following me. Now dogs don't take after me in a natural way. Whether he was white or brindle, I didn't know; but he had a kind of sassy, devil-may-care way that was familiar like. That cur kept dogging me all the time I was on my beat. I didn't try to chase him off. After a while I kind of felt it must be Dave's Butch, but he was mighty dirty, lank, and tucked up. He kept nigh me until I had to report at the station-house, and there he sat outside. I told the fellows not to bother him. When I went home, there he was.

My wife hates dogs more than I do, and I was for shutting him out, but the door was not more than on the jar when inside he jumped, and then the first thing I knew Sadie was on the landing a-crying and sobbing, and that dog a-yowling."

"You have seen Dave Shaw," said Sadie.

"No, I have not," I replied.

"But here is Butch, and where Butch is, is my poor Dave," she cried.

I tried to explain. It was my wife who was sensible. She gave Butch some broken victuals, and he didn't show much sentiment as to the way he bolted them. Somebody opened the door, and Butch made for it, and was gone. A good many days passed, and no Butch. Sadie got wild. "Dave was dead, or something," she said. I felt that it wasn't all right; so I passed a word over to a friend of mine on the Brooklyn force, and the day wasn't out before I found out all about Dave Shaw. Dave had had a bad fall, right down the hold of a steamer, and had broken his arm.

I was obliged to tell that to my wife, and what must she do but tell the girl, and nothing on this earth could keep back Sadie then.

"Butch told it me, and I must go to Dave. For God's sake, as kind as you have been to me, don't try to keep me away from him. I must nurse him, and when he is well, then I will bid him good-by forever."

"Then if you go, I must go with you, Sadie," said my wife.

"Oh, if you only would!"

Sadie had no clothes, and it was my wife who rigged her up. When my wife came home, this was about what she said: "That ugly dog! he met me at the street corner. Dear me, how thin he was! He did yelp, however, when he saw us, and tried to jump on Sadie, and tumbled over, he was that weak. All we had to do was to follow him, and we did. Yes, Dave Shaw has a broken arm and a fever. He didn't first seem to know anything, being in a kind of stupor, until Butch—that's his name—kind of yowled in his ear. Then he woke up, and Sadie kissed Dave, and I guess she's in for a steady job of nursing. It will end all right."

"Are you sure?" said I.

"Certain sure," said my wife.

It did end all right. Dave had been pretty much neglected, and had been too ill to send to me for money. I went over more than once to Brooklyn, and it was ever so funny. On one side of his bed would be Sadie, and on the other side Butch; and every once in a while that dog would come and slide his snuff-box nose into the girl's hand, and give a little satisfied yowl, and the girl would say, "No, you ain't Dave's Butch, but Sadie's Butch now."

It just beats me out how that dog crossed over to New York, found me out and Sadie, and got back again. Maybe he had crossed ever so many times looking us up. He was after Sadie and not me, for he must have known I didn't hanker after dogs. Sadie said the dog couldn't have slept for weeks; for once she was by Dave's bed, that dog turned in and took a steady snooze of twenty-four hours, until Sadie thought Butch was dead.

Yes, they were married, and my wife gave Sadie away. Dave is an engineer or something in a mine somewhere in Montana. Sadie's old mother died—what's the word?—opportunely. Say in the nick of time—that's simpler. I don't care what might have been the cost of carrying dogs from New York to Helena or Butte City; it might have been higher for dogs than for humans; but I bet you Sadie's Butch went along with that party. B. P.

ALFRED SMITH BARNES.

Alfred Smith Barnes, who died at his residence in Brooklyn, February 17th, was the founder and until his death the head of the publishing firm of A. S. **Barnes** & Co., of New York city. Mr. **Barnes**, who came from old New England stock, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, January 28, 1817. At the age of ten, immediately after his father's death, he went to live with an uncle in Hartford. There, when sixteen, he entered the employ of D. D. **Robinson** & Co., at that time the largest book-publishing house in this country. His salary for the first year was fixed at thirty dollars, and he was to live in the family of the senior member of the firm. Small as the salary may appear, it was a great privilege for a young man to have the counsel, practical advice, and training enjoyed during such an apprenticeship. One of the maxims Mr. **Robinson** was wont to impress on his apprentice—and which afterward proved true in Mr. **Barnes's** case—was that all a young man needed for success in life was "good principles, strict integrity of character, a faithful discharge of duty in life, and an interest in his employer's business."

Soon after becoming of age Mr. **Barnes** received a letter of introduction to Professor **Charles Davies**, an American mathematician of distinction at that time, and whose reputation became national as the author of one of the most celebrated series of mathematical text-books published in the United States. This introduction led to a partnership, which was formed in Hartford in 1838. The business quarters of the young firm was a room 12 × 20 feet. Cash capital there was none. Mr. **Barnes** personally canvassed the schools and academies throughout the country—which in the days before the railroad and steamboat was tedious and slow work—for the purpose of introducing Professor **Davies'** mathematics and Mrs. **Willard's** histories. Of course the young publisher's sales in this way were not extensive, but the perseverance, pluck, and enterprise developed by this training finally helped to lay the foundation for the prosperous business that now bears his name.

In 1840 Mr. **Barnes** removed his business to Philadelphia, and remained there nearly five years. Recognizing the fact that New York city offered superior advantages for his growing business, he removed to this city in 1845. Shortly after his removal here, Mr. **Barnes** formed the plan of publishing a full and complete series of school-books, embracing every department of elementary and advanced education, which he named "The National Series of Standard School-Books." Although this firm has published a number of works of a general character, among them a series of music-books for use in churches, it has almost exclusively confined itself to the publication of school-books.

Mr. **Barnes** was in every respect a public-spirited man, and his name is therefore prominently connected with many public institutions and enterprises of a social, commercial, and religious character. He was among the first to give his support to the Union Pacific Railroad, and the elevated railroads of New York city. He was also a director in the Hanover Bank and the Home Insurance Company of New York, and the Dime Savings Bank of Brooklyn. With Cornell University, Fisk University, of Nashville, Tennessee, and the Adelphi and Polytechnic Academies of Brooklyn, he was specially identified. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Young Men's Christian Association, giving liberally to the Brooklyn branches, and at one time presenting $40,000 to the Association of Cornell University.

In 1841 Mr. **Barnes** married Miss H. E. **Burr**, of Hartford. Five sons and five daughters were born of this union, all of whom are still living. Several years after the death of his first wife Mr. **Barnes** married Mrs. **Mary Mathews Smith**, of Nyack on the Hudson.

THE CHAMPION.

By EDWARD P. JACKSON.

Exultant, proud,
The hero bowed
To the eager, worshipping, countless crowd,

Then stood upright,
Like a victor knight,
A figure of virile grace and might.

From the Temple of Fame
The priestess came
To write on her tablet the hero's name.

And now behold
His name enrolled
On the virgin tablet in script of gold.

Then she asked, "O son,
What hast thou done
For the meed of glory thou hast won?

"From sword and brand,
From traitor's hand
That sought to ruin thy father-land—

"'Twas thine to save?
Thine edict gave
Freedom and manhood to the slave?"

The hero heard;
But never a word
Of his the list'ning silence stirred.

"An orator, then,"
She asked again,
"Thou swayest at will thy fellow-men?

"Doth a poet's soul
Thy name enroll,
And crown thy head with its aureole?

"Or dost thou bless,
By Heaven's grace,
With holy counsels, a fallen race?"

His dull head hung,
And his surly tongue
At the priestess' feet this answer flung:

"That's not my 'lay';
'Ta'n't in my way
To gabble or scribble, or preach and pray."

Ill pleased, she viewed
The multitude
Adoring, and her quest renewed:

"Then hath thy hand
Wrought out some grand
Achievement by thy genius planned?"

His fierce eye shone
As it looked upon
His hand, a hammer of bone and brawn.

She understood:
"'Tis a hand imbrued
In the blood of a slaughtered multitude?

"Some warrior great,
Thou rulest fate
Of pope and emperor, church and state?

"Well, men must die!"
And her sorrowful eye
Gazed on his brute-like majesty.

No flush of shame
With his answer came:
"No, priestess; that is not my game;

"I say with pride,
These fists defied
The world—at a thousand pounds a side!"

Contemptuous burned
Her eyes, she spurned
Her tablet from her, then home returned,

And there she stood,
From her altitude
Scorning the man and the multitude.

But a big, broad zone
With jewels shone
Round his huge bulk of brawn and bone.

GEORGE HENRY CORLISS.

Since the beginning of the present winter we have had to regret the removal by death of many of our most distinguished citizens—some of them of world-wide reputation. Among these prominence must be given to Mr. **George Henry Corliss**, the famous mechanical engineer, whose useful life was brought to a close at his home in Providence, Rhode Island, after a few days' illness, on Tuesday, the 21st. Mr. **Corliss** had been in his usual health on the Thursday previous. The new Pawtucket pumping-engine, the new Corliss engine, together with certain arrangements looking to the reconstruction of his large manufacturing establishment, had been specially engaging his attention. On the following day he complained of some gastric derangement. Fever ensued; the symptoms were not at first alarming; but paralysis of the heart supervened, and the great engineer passed away quietly on the Tuesday shortly after the hour of noon.

Mr. **Corliss** was a native of the State of New York, having first seen the light in Easton, Washington County. Born on the 2d of June, 1817, he was well advanced in his seventy-first year. His father, who was a physician, moved in 1825 from Easton to Greenwich, where young **George** attended school. Some three or four years later he became clerk in a cotton factory. Later still we find him at the Castleton Academy, Vermont, where he studied for three years. In 1838 he returned to Greenwich and opened what is known as a country store. It was here where the mechanical element in the man's nature began to find forceful expression. A bridge had been washed away by a freshet. **Corliss** suggested a plan for a temporary structure. It was pronounced by mechanical experts to be impracticable; but **Corliss** went to work, and completed the bridge with entire success. A little later he anticipated **Howe** by inventing a machine for stitching leather.

In 1844, having resolved to give himself to mechanical pursuits, he went to Providence. The steam-engine completely monopolized his time and attention. One of the points he aimed at was uniformity of motion. This he accomplished by connecting the governor with the cut-off, instead of with the throttle-valve. It was admitted to be an important advance in the progressive history of **Watt's** great invention. By 1848 he had completed his improvements, and in the following year he received his patents. The Corliss Steam-engine Company was organized and incorporated in 1856. It has been a prosperous concern from the outset. The works in Providence cover many acres of ground, and the engines of the company are now in very general use.

Corliss and his engine were soon known on the other side of the Atlantic. Awards were given him for his discoveries and applications at the Paris Exhibition in 1867 and at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873. He had already, in 1870, received the **Rumford** medal from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the distinguished scientist Dr. **Asa Gray** making the presentation. In 1872 he was appointed Centennial Commissioner for Rhode Island; and he was one of the seven to whom the preliminary work was intrusted. In 1875 he submitted plans for an engine which should supply power for all the machinery in the Exhibition buildings. In spite of the doubts and misgivings of several experts, the engine proved not only a magnificent success, but a commanding feature of the Exhibition. M. **Bartholdi**, in his report to the French government, described it as belonging to the category of the works of art. This undertaking is said to have cost **Corliss** one hundred thousand dollars.

In 1878, although he was not an exhibitor that year, the French Institute awarded him the **Montyon** prize, on the ground that the foreign engine-builders admitted that their engines were of the Corliss type. In 1886 he was made an "Officer of the Order of Leopold" by the King of the Belgians. Mr. **Corliss** was a State Senator in 1869–70. He was a Presidential Elector in 1876. He was not, however, ambitious of political honors, but he was always the very reverse of indifferent to public affairs, both local and general. Providence owes him much; and he has made American steam-engines famous the world over. Mr. **Corliss** leaves a widow, one son, and one daughter.

THE KISHENEV MOVEMENT.

Ever and anon reports reach western Europe and America of a remarkable movement among the Jewish people of southeastern Europe and Siberia. In these vague and often conflicting accounts so much can be recognized as the substratum of truth that we have in this agitation a unique movement, looking to the acceptance of the principles of Evangelical Christianity, and of Western culture and civilization, not by individual members of this strangest of historic peoples, but by the Jews as a nation. It is only now that a fair and correct view of the genesis, character, and development of the agitation can be gained. The principles controlling it have been published, together with a number of explanatory documents, by the *Institutum Judaicum*, of Leipzig, where also the singularly interesting autobiography of Rabinowitch, the leader of the whole agitation, has been issued. To these authentic sources of information must be added others, as the addresses of Rabinowitch, published in Hebrew and Russian, as also the reports of Pastor Faltin, who has for nearly three decades been laboring among the Jews of southern Russia; of Missionary Faber, who has several times made extensive tours among these districts, and of Assistant Lhorsky, who has for a number of years been actively engaged among the Jews of Kishenev and neighborhood.

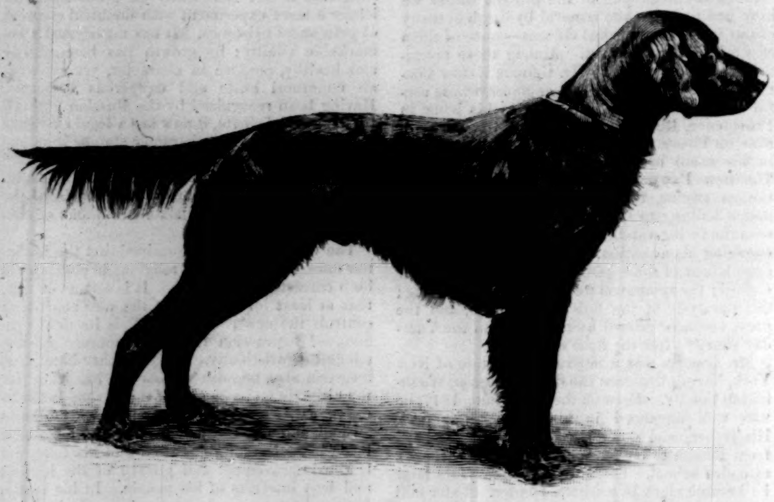
The movement, whose beginnings date back almost four years, is yet in its formative stage. But its development during this period has been such that it can confidently be pronounced no longer a mere experiment with doubtful chances of permanent existence. It has manifested a remarkable vitality; its growth has been steady and healthy, positive in character, yet avoiding all unnatural haste and dangerous extremes. Having been recognized by the Russian authorities as a *religio licita*, it now has a legal existence and legal rights. Its character stamps it as one of the most unique phenomena in the variegated kaleidoscope of national, social, and religious interests that divide the hearts and minds of the Czar's one hundred and sixteen millions of subjects.

The view generally entertained that the Kishenev movement is entirely religious in character is both correct and incorrect. It is correct in this, that at least for the present the new spirit that controls the new communion finds its most pronounced expression in the acceptance of the tenets of Christianity. On the other hand, it is incorrect also, because neither the inception nor the ultimate end and aim of this people is Christianity as such. The latter is rather a means to an end, and not the end itself. The ideal that fills the souls of Rabinowitch and his followers is the improvement and growth of the highest and best interests of his people. In his search for the best means to attain this end, he, after years of study and research, has reached the conclusion that this can only be accomplished through a moral regeneration of the people, which, in turn, can be effected only through the religion of the New Testament as the completion and fulfilment of the Old. The movement is thus, strictly speaking, not religious at all, at least not primarily, but is national, and in the interests of progress and civilization in the best sense of the word. It is in no sense or manner the result of Christian missionary activity. It is an independent agitation springing up entirely out of Jewish soil. Its intrinsically non-religious character is attested by the further fact that Rabinowitch was not a Jewish rabbi; he is not ordained to the present day. Indeed, among all the participants and leading men of the movement there is not one who is or has been a clergyman of any sect or creed. Whatever influence Christian workers may have now in those regions on the Jewish people is independent of the Kishenev society, and was no decisive factor in its formation or development.

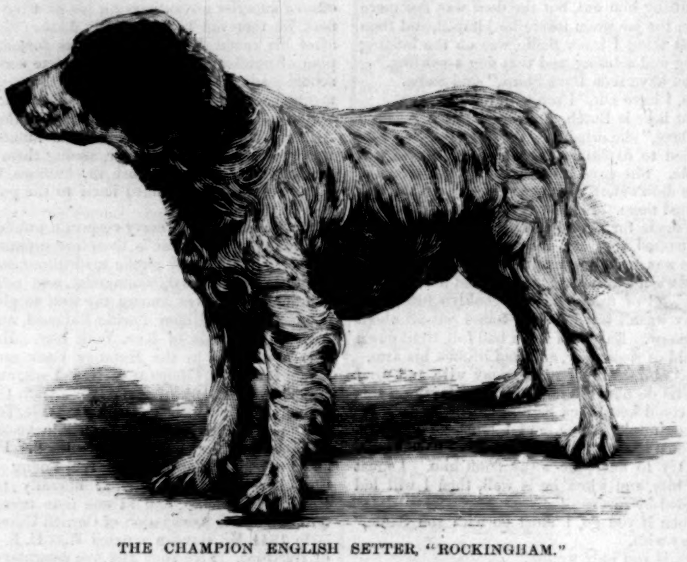
Rabinowitch was a merchant, and later a lawyer. Energetic in character and ambitious in self-improvement and the advancement, politically, socially, and morally, of his people, he years ago became known as a zealous friend of reform among the Eastern Jews. With an education and enterprise far beyond his brethren, he set about to devise ways and means to attain his ideals and ends. He did what he could to secure for them better political rights, but was unable to protect them against the fierce persecutions that five years ago set in against the unfortunate Israelites in Russia, Roumania, and neighboring countries. He acquainted himself with the advanced philosophical thought of the West, in the hope that its adoption by his people would elevate them to a higher spiritual plane, and thus secure for them higher ideals and nobler ends. But he soon learned to doubt both the efficiency of the means and the possibility of applying them to a people whom centuries of persecution and ultra conservatism had been hardening to principles so at variance with their traditional ideas. He again attempted to win them away from their greed for gain, which, next to their formalistic religious exercises, is the all-controlling and all-degrading factor in the mind and life of the Oriental Jew. But his endeavors to establish agricultural colonies for them, both at home and in the Holy Land, proved abortive. While in Palestine the conviction ripened in him, through an independent study of the New Testament in its relation to the Old, that Israel had made the mistake of its national life, and had become untrue to its historic mission, by the rejection of Christ.

This conviction concerning Christ, not as the Saviour of the world, but as the embodiment and fulfilment of the prophecies of old, and of the ideals and aims of Israel as a nation, is the central thought around which the whole movement circles. The principles enunciated by the humble Nazarene are recognized as those which alone can accomplish the destinies of the people, and enable them to attain the end for which they were set apart as a chosen people. It is thus regarded as a serious break in the normal and historical development of Israel that eighteen hundred years ago this people as a nation refused to accept those tenets and principles which are regarded by all Christians, and now also by Rabinowitch and his followers, as the legitimate and only correct outcome of the whole previous historical development of Israel. To heal this breach is the ideal aim of the Kishenev reformers, by setting in anew there where first the chosen people entered upon an erroneous path of national development.

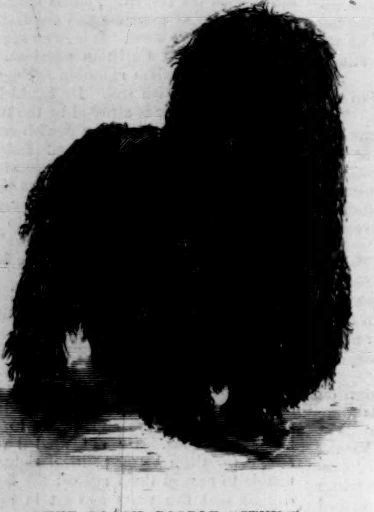
These ideas explain why the Kishenev communion by no means desire to join any of the existing Christian denominations. Their object is to secure the recognition of Christianity, and the morality, culture, and civilization that have grown out of Christianity, as the genuine and legitimate development of Old Testament Judaism, and as the only means of securing the national prosperity of the Jews as such. For this reason they do not think of ceasing to be Jews. Whatever is characteristic of Judaism as a national idea, and is not religious in character, and has not been superseded by the Christian phase of revelation, they retain. They still keep the seventh day; they still practise circumcision; they still celebrate the Passah feast as a memorial of the deliverance from Egypt—because



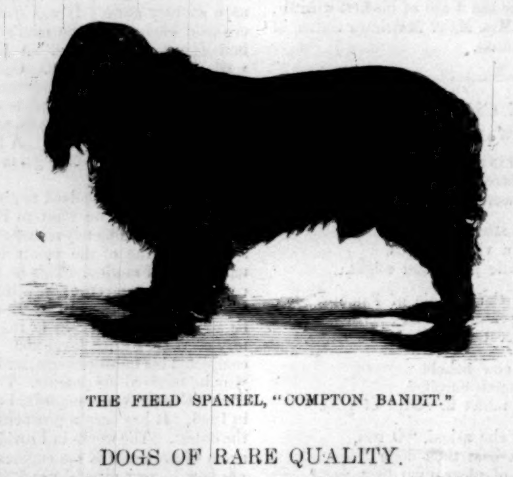
THE CHAMPION IRISH SETTER, "TIM."



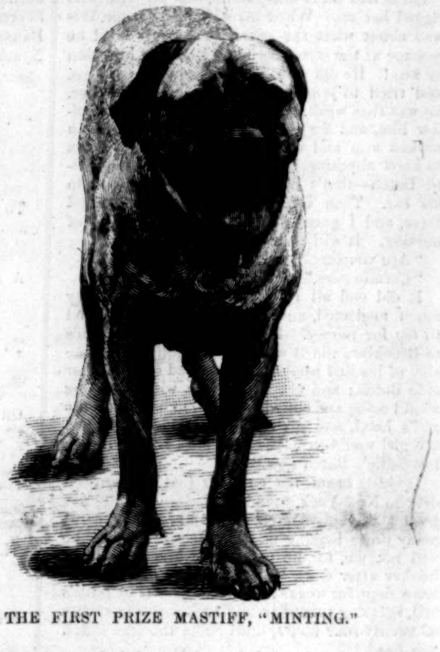
THE CHAMPION ENGLISH SETTER, "ROCKINGHAM."



THE BLACK POODLE, "STYX."



THE FIELD SPANIEL, "COMPTON BANDIT."



THE FIRST PRIZE MASTIFF, "MINTING."

all these are national characteristics distinguishing them from the Germans, from the English, from other peoples, as separate nations, each with its own peculiarities.

The genesis and development of such clear-cut ideals is all the more remarkable when we remember the manner of men in the midst of whom they have sprung up. Those who are accustomed to see only the Western Jew, with few characteristics differing from his Christian neighbor, can form no idea of his Oriental brother. He is still the outcast his Western brother was during the Middle Ages. His religion is Talmudic to the core. It is a petrified formalism, traditional legalism, and religionism hardened through centuries of conservatism and reverence for the faith of the fathers. He is the modern representative of that stern Pharisaism which we find depicted on the pages of the New Testament. From that day to this there has essentially been no progress, no development in his religion, except that line has been added to line and precept to precept.

And yet it is just this characteristic of the Oriental Jew that enables us psychologically to understand the rise of the Kishenev movement. Among the Western Jews, whose religious tenets have been seriously modified by their constant intercourse with Western thought, and whose faith or unfaith is now to a great extent the result of compromises with modern thought, such an agitation would be unthinkable. The philosophy of history could not explain it. The factors could not produce it. But the Eastern Jew, as a man of positive convictions, will exchange these only for other positive convictions.

DOGS OF RARE QUALITY.

THE series of bench shows held under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club during the past ten years or more has fostered a love for and knowledge of dogs that grow with each exhibition. Improvement in the quality of the animals has also kept pace with the admiration bestowed on them. Competition in the champion and open classes was never closer than in the show of last week, and never was more interest shown in the bestowal of blue ribbons and special trophies.

The dogs selected for illustration form a galaxy of beauty in the canine world that would be difficult to match. Mr. E. H. **MOORE**'s mastiff, Minting, is the grandest representative of his class in America. He possesses the high courage and level head characteristic of his race—traits which make the mastiff the safest of all large and powerful dogs. Minting was awarded first prize, which gives him a record of three first and nearly a score of special premiums. He is only one year and ten months old.

The champion pointer, Brackett, belonging to the Graphic Kennels, is a type of the highest class of bird dogs, which are now very popular in this country. Their wonderful speed when quartering in the field, the suddenness with which they drop to scent, and the statuesque picture they form when pointing, must be seen before the dog can be truly appreciated. Brackett has won many prizes in England and America, including the championship at the late show, where he was king among the largest collection of his kind ever exhibited here or in Europe.

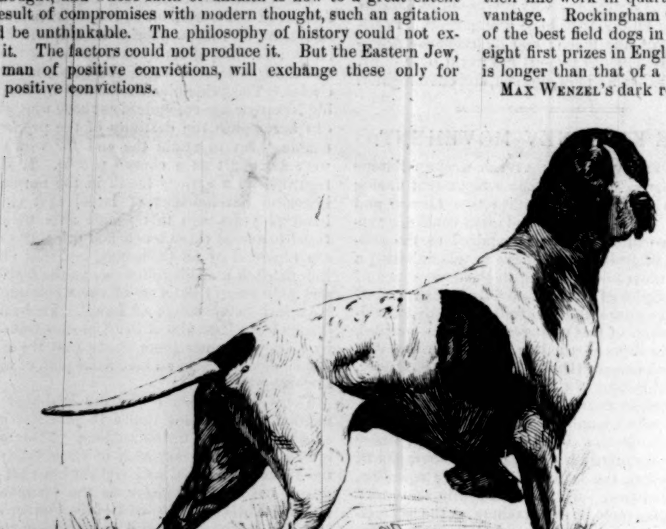
The blue belton champion English setter, Rockingham, owned by Mr. **FRANK WINDHOLZ**, was looked upon by competent judges as the handsomest dog exhibited. His outlines are perfect, and more taking to the eye of the artist than those of the pointer. One of the finest sights in nature is to see a brace of well-trained setters working in the open, especially where the land is rolling. Here their fine work in quartering and backing is seen to the best advantage. Rockingham won the championship from Foreman, one of the best field dogs in the United States. Rockingham has won eight first prizes in England. His winning record here and abroad is longer than that of a first-class race-horse.

MAX WENZEL's dark red champion Irish setter, Tim, is undoubtedly the most symmetrical dog of the breed that has long been a favorite with sportsmen on account of swiftness and stamina in the field. Tim is credited with two champion awards, four first prizes, many specials, and a field record. His owner believes that he is the smartest dog in the world. He marks his price at $10,200.

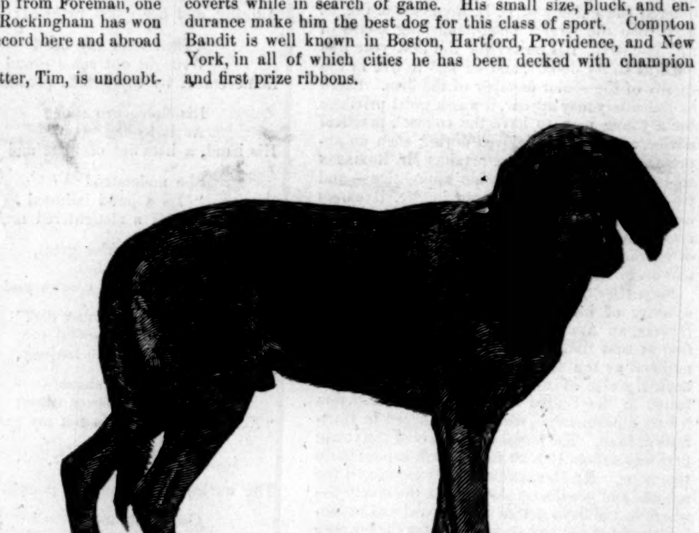
Barnaby, the English blood-hound, is a pure type of an almost extinct breed that was once held in high repute in England. His long face, high forehead, with dome-like top, and great pendent ears, impart a majestic appearance to a hound that will run down men, and was once a terror to sheep-stealers. Barnaby and three kennel companions are the first ever exhibited here. They were brought over recently by Mr. **EDWIN BROUGH**, of Scarborough. Barnaby is catalogued at $500. He has won several first prizes and man-hunt stakes.

Mr. **WILLIAM COCHRAN SANFORD**'s black poodle, Styx, is considered a dude among dogs. Like many other dudes, Styx is a very bright, sharp fellow. His race is the most intelligent in the canine world. They unite fidelity with a strong love of approbation. They are quick to learn tricks, fetch and carry to order, and are good swimmers.

The splendid field spaniel Compton Bandit, from Greenwich, Connecticut, is not a toy dog. He belongs to the hardy and courageous sort that push their way through briers and thorns in thick coverts while in search of game. His small size, pluck, and endurance make him the best dog for this class of sport. Compton Bandit is well known in Boston, Hartford, Providence, and New York, in all of which cities he has been decked with champion and first prize ribbons.

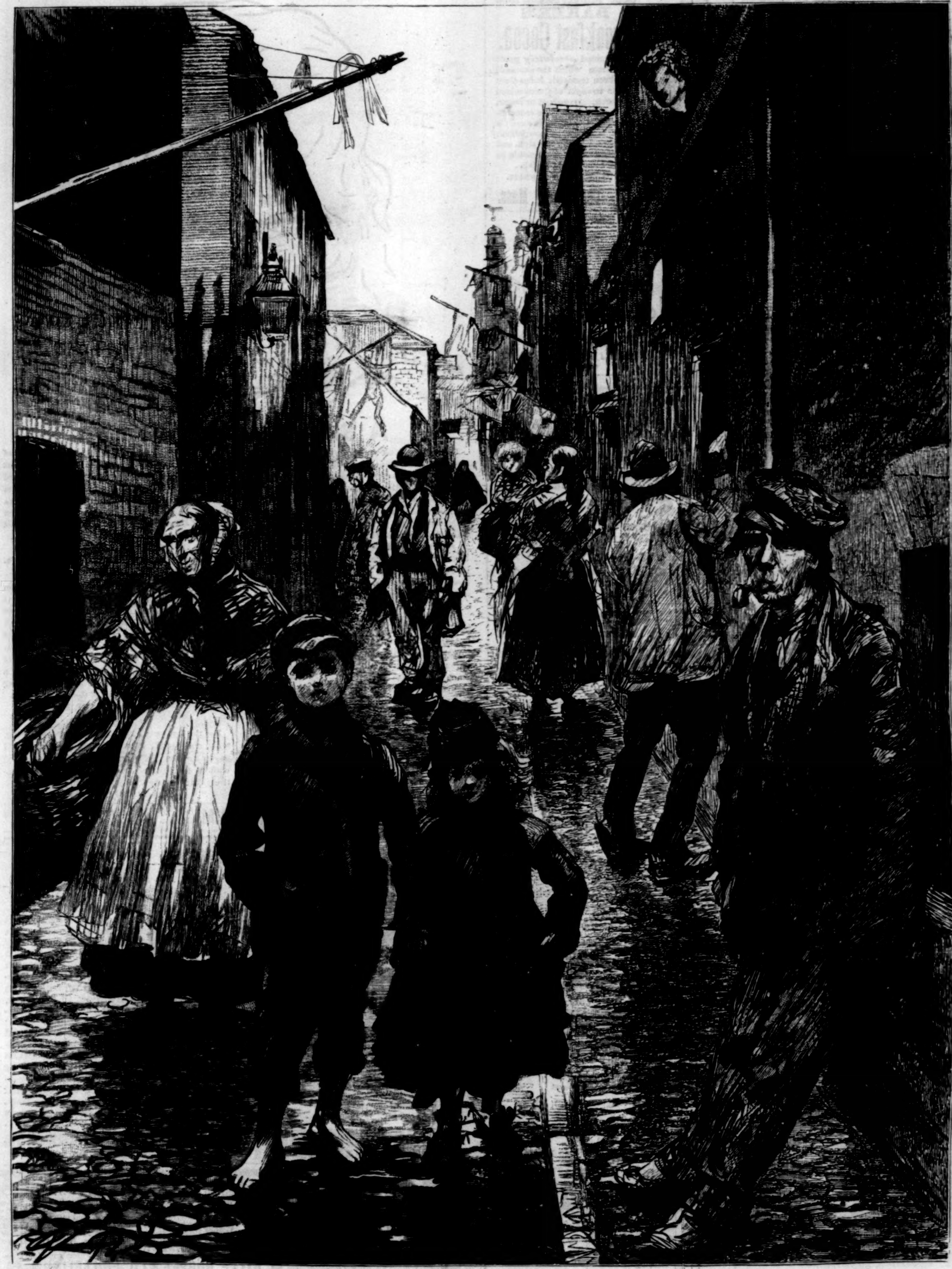


THE CHAMPION POINTER, "BRACKETT."



THE ENGLISH BLOOD-HOUND, "BARNABY."

PRIZE DOGS FROM THE BENCH SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.



A LANE IN CORK, IRELAND.

SLUMMING IN CORK.

In London the slums are too enormous to receive any material impression from the visits of kindly persons who hope to palliate the misery of their inhabitants by shillings, blankets, and the obligatory tract. Only by driving great thoroughfares through the worst sections are some of the vilest slums of London subdivided by streets of wealth and respectability. In respect to slums, Cork, in the south of Ireland, is a small edition of London, but there charity can at least observe some results from persistency in good doing. One of the most miserable quarters is on the hill where stands St. Anne's, Shandon, the Protestant church whose bells are said to sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee. The artist has scratched off a sketch off Harpur's Lane, one of the squalid streets almost too narrow for a jaunting-car, glancing up which one perceives the plain old tower that still carries the Shandon bells. There is no danger to a tourist in this quarter: the people are too mute and listless from want of food and work to do harm even if they had any desire to assail one. The factories that once flourished in Cork are mostly gone, and on one of the numberless wet days the poor quarters away from the broad quays, the fine bridges, and wide avenues of the city proper, are dreary beyond words. Women and children walk about barefoot, seeming to be unaware that rain is falling or that the cobble-stones are wet. Inside these low stone houses the great majority of the rooms are bare of furniture, and people live there with an absence of comforts that is truly appalling. The adults are miserable enough, but the children seem to absorb nutriment from the thick air, for their dirty faces shine with red and their little legs are fat. The constant cry is lack of work, and lack of work begets listlessness; from that men and women reach the stage when they either cannot or will not work, even if the opportunity is given them. They live somehow, and learn to lean on the charitable. There is a deal of standing round doing nothing in Cork. If it rains very hard, the women squeeze into a doorway and give their hair and shawl a shake very much like a Newfoundland. In quarters like these **William J. Lane**, M.P., lately released from prison, is known to many poor people, his handsome face and cordial, lively greeting accounting in part for the popularity of the man among the poorer classes. Mr. **Lane** is a Catholic, and enough of a Celt to have parents who understand Irish. He is a prosperous merchant, like his father before him, and has always kept the respect of the Conservatives of Cork during the violent controversies engendered by the move in favor of home rule.

Cork is named from the marshes in which piratical Norsemen established themselves maugre the native woodsmen and shepherds, and thus founded the capital of southern Ireland. The populace betrays its extremely mixed origin by the absence of any fixed types. Now you see the snub-nose and whitish hair of Denmark, again the broad cheek-bones of Scotland, or the puny forms of the teeming poor of London, or again one of those rich brilliant brunettes that cause tourists to put faith in the nonsense that is gravely brought forward concerning a recent colonization from Spain. The wrecks from the Spanish Armada are supposed by many people to have done this. In truth, Celt, Dane, Welshman, Hollander, and Englishman have entered Cork from time to time, so that no special type or types had the needful leisure and tenure to fix themselves in the land. The artist who wishes to get such typical countenances may possibly find what he seeks in remote farms, but not in the streets of Corca of the Danes.

As Cork is the first Irish city the American tourist is apt to encounter, special provision for his discomfiture is made by some of the inhabitants. The swarming children are eager for sixpences, and will not disdain a penny, though the arrival from the Golconda and Mecca of the West ought to know better than to dispense copper to trusting youth. The artist is besieged by applicants for the honor and emoluments of having a "piktur tuk," nor are the street children at all backward in analyzing their own good points as models. The hotels are fair, and by no means unreasonable in their charges; nor are the drivers of jaunting-cars, who live chiefly by taking Americans out to Blarney Castle, by any means the grasping ruffians with whom we are familiar at Niagara Falls, and not unfrequently in New York city. There is a deal of pleasant human nature in most Irishmen, and the Jehus of Cork, when treated like human beings, are companionable and sometimes amusing fellows. They all have the vote now, and when sure of whom they are conversing with, like nothing so much as to talk politics between the whiffs of a short pipe that ever goes out and never exhausts its contents. The men in the sketch are suffering from the chronic trouble in Ireland—no work.

THAT HIGHWAY OF NATIONS,

The broad Atlantic, is ever a stormy thoroughfare. Yet blow the winds ever so fiercely, and ride the waves ever so loftily, seamen must man the good ships, tourists will brave the passage, and commercial travellers and buyers must visit the centres of foreign trade and manufacture. That atrocious malady, seasickness, together with colicky pains and much inward uneasiness is often endured when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters would have fortified the voyagers against them. Sea captains, and in fact all old salts and veteran travellers are acquainted with the protective value of this estimable preventive and remedy, and are rarely unprovided with it. Emigrants to the far West should use it as a safeguard against malaria. Seek the aid of the Bitters for dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, kidney troubles, and all ailments that impair the harmonious and vigorous action of the vital powers.—[*Adv.*]

The success of some of the agents employed by B. F. Johnson & Co., Publishers, Richmond, Va., is truly marvellous. It is not an unusual thing for their agents to make as high as $20 and $30 a day, and sometimes their profits run up as high as $40 and $50—even more. But we hesitate to tell you the whole truth, or you will scarcely believe we are in earnest. Write them and see for yourself what they will do for you.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Are known and used all over the world, and at all seasons, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, and Bronchial troubles. Sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors, John I. Brown & Sons, on the wrapper.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*[

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Arnold Constable & Co

NOVELTIES.

SPRING WOOLENS.

Ladies' Plain and Colored Cloths,
New and Beautiful Shades.

PLAID, STRIPE, AND CHECK
FANCY SUITINGS,
New Mixtures for Spring Wear.

Broadway & 19th st.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a combination of two of the most valuable remedies in existence for the cure of Consumption and all Wasting Conditions; is more generally recommended and used by Physicians than any known remedy; it gives most satisfactory results, and tones up the system; and when the Consumptive has wasted away and loses hope, the Emulsion will speedily check the ravages of this terrible disease, and restore the sufferer to good health and happiness. This is equally true in regard to Rickets in Children, or Marasmus and Anæmia in Adults, and all impoverished conditions of the blood; and especially desirable for Colds and Chronic Coughs, as it will cure them more quickly than ordinary Specifics used. Palatable as milk.

Sold by all Druggists.

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
(The Worcestershire)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SAUCE
LEA & PERRINS

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD MEATS,
GAME,
WELSH-RAREBITS,
&c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

$100 to $300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., Publishers, 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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A Skin Without Blemish

Everywhere a network of sudorific ducts, veins, and pores, the skin constantly renews itself, and not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with its natural functional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation, and disease. Hence, a skin without blemish means more than beauty; it means health.

Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

I have been afflicted for a great many years with bad blood, which has caused me to have sores on my body. My hands were in a solid sore for over a year. I had tried almost everything I could hear of, but had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when I saw the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies. I used one box of Cuticura, one bottle of Resolvent, and one cake of Soap, and am now able to do all my own work.

Mrs. FANNIE STEWART, Staunton, Ind.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin, scalp, and hair preserved and beautified by the use of Cuticura Soap.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds, and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable Cuticura Remedies. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the Cuticura Resolvent, two boxes of Cuticura, and seven cakes of Cuticura Soap, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—*a complete cure.*

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.
Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

Have just used your Cuticura Remedies on one of my girls, and found it to be just what it is recommended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and body, and the hair commenced to come out. Now she is as smooth as ever she was, and she has only used one box of Cuticura, one cake of Cuticura Soap, and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent. I doctored with quite a number of doctors, but to no avail. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of the statement.

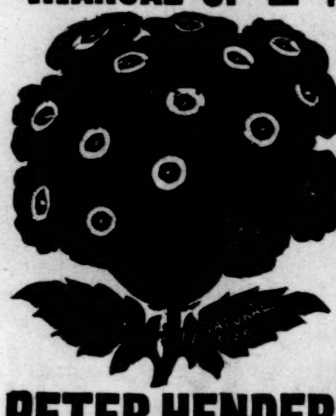
GEORGE EAST, Macon, Mich.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly, and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Mrs. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN



is this season the grandest ever issued, containing **three colored plates** and superb illustrations of everything that is **new, useful** and rare in **Seeds** and **Plants**, together with plain directions of "How to grow them," by Peter Henderson. This Manual, which is a book of 140 pages, we mail to any address on receipt of **25** cents (in stamps.) To all so remitting 25 cents for the Manual we will, at the same time, send **free by mail, in addition,** their choice of any **one** of the following novelties, the price of either of which is 25 cents: One packet of the new **Green and Gold Watermelon,** or one packet of new **Succession Cabbage,** or one packet of new **Zebra Zinnia,** or one packet of **Butterfly Pansy,** or one packet of new **Mammoth Verbena** (see illustration), or one plant of the beautiful **Moonflower,** ***on the distinct understanding,*** however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

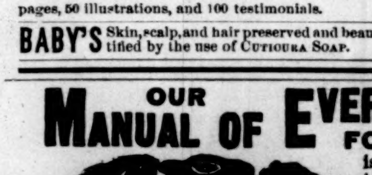
PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

BURPEE'S SEEDS. FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888 Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, Colored Plates, and tells all about the BEST GARDEN, FARM and FLOWER Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, and Valuable New Books on Garden Topics. It describes Rare Novelties in VEGETABLES and FLOWERS of real value, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal for the most complete Catalogue published, to W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MONEY MADE EASY Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, 217 East German St., Baltimore, Md.

TO THE DEAF.

A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a Simple Remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 MacDougal Street, New York.

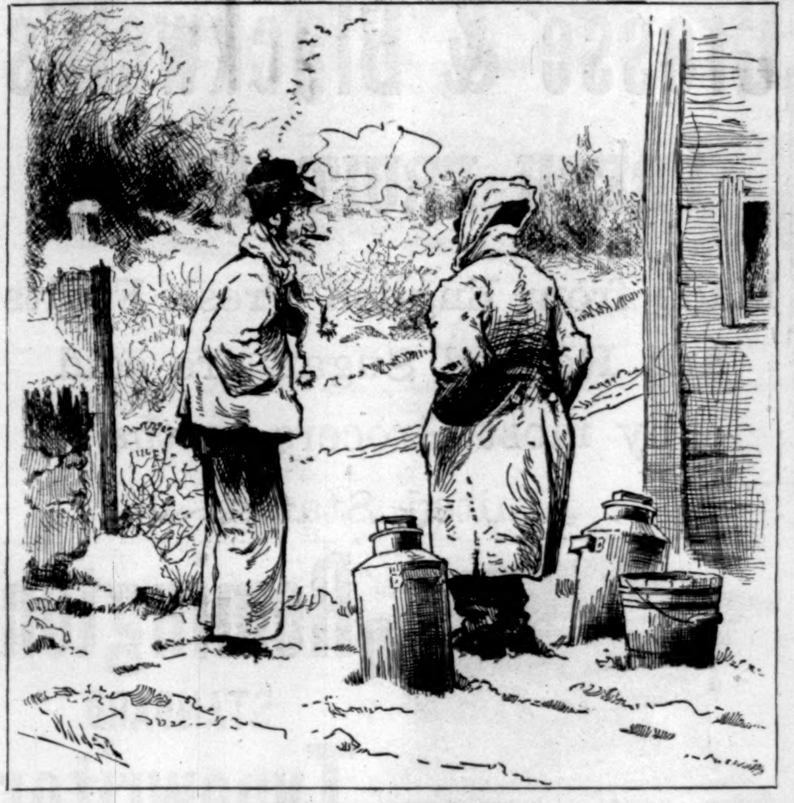


Every One Should Try Them.

They are simply perfection for those persons who write rapidly. They will not stick in the paper, spurt, or blot, and they hold more ink than other pens.

12 selected samples sent for trial, in an **English Jubilee Match-box,** *postpaid,* on receipt of 10 cents. Ask for Planished Pens.

SOLE AGENTS,
IVISON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,
753 and 755 Broadway, New York.



BAD FOR THE BABY.

MILKMAN (*to assistant*). "Jim, Mrs. Kendricks complains that the milk you left this morning didn't agree with her baby. Are you certain the milk you leave there is all from one cow?"

ASSISTANT. "Yes, sir, but this mornin' the well rope broke, an' I had to use cistern water."

MILKMAN. "Well, by thunder, that baby must have a sensitive stomach!"

ALLCOCK'S

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are a well-known, thoroughly tested, and successful remedy, which has been in daily use for over thirty years.

They are invaluable in cases of Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver, and Stomach Affections, Strains, and all Local Pains.

Beware of imitations. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

THE Toy the child likes best!

We take pleasure in informing our patrons that our stock of the celebrated **ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BLOCKS,** *completely sold out before Christmas*, is now replenished and fully assorted, and solicit renewal of their kind orders. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

F. AD. RICHTER & CO.
NEW YORK, 310 BROADWAY, or LONDON E.C.,
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Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS

D.M.FERRY&CO. are admitted to be The LARGEST SEEDSMEN *in the world.* D.M.FERRY&Co's *Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced* SEED ANNUAL For 1888 Will be mailed FREE to ALL applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every one using Garden, Field or Flower Seeds should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

$75 a Month and expenses to agents. New goods. Samples free. J. F. HILL, Augusta, Maine.

FINE LINEN

Writing Papers.

If you want a DAY BOOK made to order,
If you want a JOURNAL made to order,
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If you want WRITING PAPER for any purpose,
ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER
For "LINEN LEDGER" Paper or "LINEN WRITING" Paper, made by

CRANE BROS.,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Used by all STATIONERS.
Used by all BOOKBINDERS.
Used by all LITHOGRAPHERS.
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Sold by all PAPER DEALERS.

OUR TRADE-MARK.

These papers have received the HIGHEST AWARD at four WORLD'S FAIRS, and are recommended by all using them. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS

THE PATENT LABRADOR.

Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

EUROPE ELEVENTH SEASON
13,000 MILES, 96 DAYS

of **FOREIGN TRAVEL**, including the principal **Countries, Capitals, Sights** and **Scenes**. All travel and hotels first class. All expenses included. **PARTY SELECT.** Fullest enjoyment and profit, with greatest economy of time and money. Absolute freedom from care. Good management and intelligent conductors. Send for circulars free.

Tours of 96 Days, 80 Days, and 65 Days.
E. Tourjee, Franklin Square, Boston.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs! 10 Samples for 12c. or 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts. GIANT Self-inker PRINTING PRESS With Script type outfit, $5. Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

THE 28th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES,

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1887.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1887		$70,196,260.30
Income.		
Premiums	$19,115,775.47	
Interest, Rents, etc.	4,125,073.82	23,240,849.29
		$93,437,109.59
Disbursements.		
Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$5,748,845.60	
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities and Discounted Endowments	4,313,664.21	
Total Paid Policy-holders	$10,062,509.81	
Dividend on Capital	7,000.00	
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange	2,321,647.21	
General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes	1,747,997.11	14,139,154.13
Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1887		$79,297,955.46
Assets.		
Bonds and Mortgages	$23,548,376.48	
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	14,355,771.87	
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other Investments	26,516,182.38	
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, $627,362)	507,000.00	
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	6,590,151.74	
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest; and in transit (since received and invested)	7,657,967.50	
Due from Agents on account of Premiums	122,505.49	$79,297,955.46
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over book value		2,398,921.78
Interest and Rents due and accrued		812,361.61
Premiums, deferred and in transit		1,869,666.00
Total Assets, December 31, 1887		$84,378,904.85

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in this statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated.

JOHN A. McCALL, *Comptroller.*

Total Liabilities, including legal reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard)	$66,274,650.00
Total Undivided Surplus, over 4% Reserve	18,104,254.85
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is	$5,917,336.85
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is	12,186,918.00
New Assurance written in 1887	$138,023,105
Total Outstanding Assurance	483,029,562

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, } *Actuaries.*
J. G. VAN CISE, }

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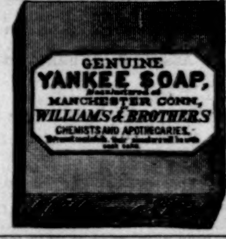
ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S
J. v. Liebig
TRADE MARK
EXTRACT of MEAT
and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.



GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP, for 50 years has been famous for its rich soothing and lasting lather and is the favorite with "SHAVERS" everywhere. Sold by all dealers in drugs and notions, or sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. The J. B. Williams Co. Shaving Soap Specialties, Glastonbury, Ct. Formerly Williams & Bros.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.**, Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N.Y. P.O. Box 1029.**

$5 to $15.00 saved. Full harness, only $7.25. Catalogue free. National Harness Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

Now open, new direct importation of

FANCY FLANNELS
FOR
TENNIS AND MOUNTAIN COSTUMES.
CHILDREN'S DRESSES,
LADIES' ROBES DE CHAMBRE,
SACQUES, &c.

New design and colorings.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

PARADISE
A NOVEL
For Sale at
BRENTANO'S
AND ALL
BOOKSELLERS.
Price, 25c.
BY LLOYD S. BRYCE.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY! A package Mixed Flower seeds (500 kinds), with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, all for 2 stamps. Every flower-lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa. ☞ Be prompt. This offer appears but once more.

BICYCLES $8 to $150. EASY PAYMENTS. Tricycles, $7.50 up. Standard makes. 2d-hand Wheels handled. Send for Catalogue. GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 63 G St., Peoria, Ill.